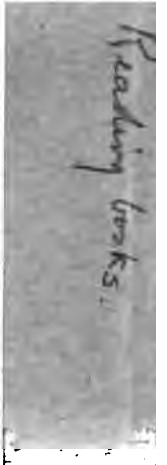
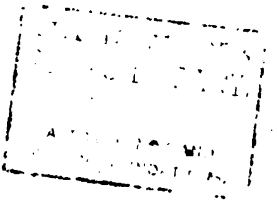
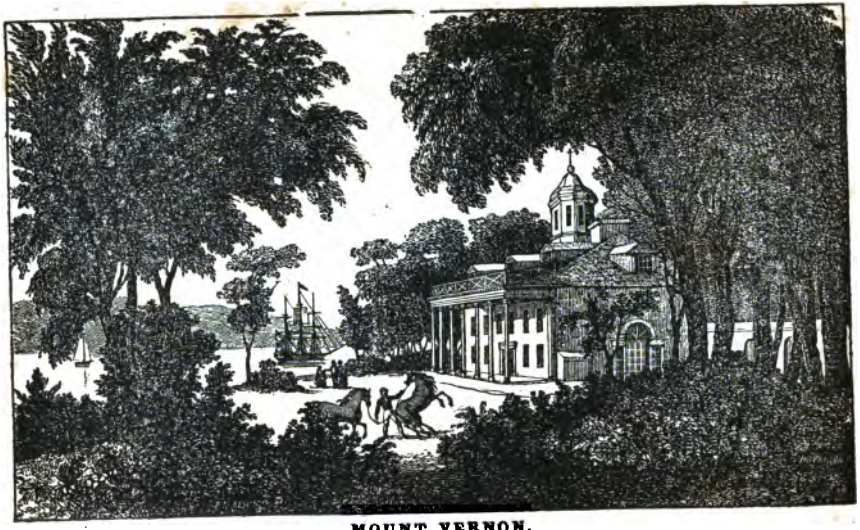


(Abbott)
TN





MOUNT VERNON.

From a Sketch by Capt. Reynolds, in the "Cruise of the Potomac."

THE

MOUNT VERNON READER,

A COURSE OF

READING LESSONS,

SELECTED WITH REFERENCE TO THEIR MORAL INFLUENCE

ON THE HEARTS AND LIVES OF THE YOUNG.

DESIGNED FOR

MIDDLE CLASSES.

BY THE

MESSRS. ABBOTT.

NEW YORK.
PUBLISHED BY B. & S COLLINS.
NO. 230 PEARL STREET.

1835.

STEREOTYPED BY F. F. RIPLEY.
NEW-YORK.

CONTENTS.

CONTENTS.

POETRY.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

From the Hon. W. B. Calhoun, to the Rev. Jacob Abbott.

SPRINGFIELD, June 13, 1835.

DEAR SIR—I have been very much gratified by an examination of the Mount Vernon Reader, which you have been so kind as to send me. The leading object of it is of the highest importance; for I have long thought that the heart has been most strangely overlooked in the business of Education. Aside from its moral influence, another valuable purpose is answered. The lessons are distinguished by plain, simple, English language, adapted to the capacity of those for whose use the book is intended.

This requisite, it seems to me, has been greatly disregarded in most of the reading books—more particularly, I think, in those for the highest classes. I know of no reason why such books should be studded over with the most brilliant and striking passages in the language. It is a rare thing to find in them specimens of such writings as Addison's: yet all must agree that the pure and the simple is the English which boys ought to be taught. I look forward to your third book for an exemplification of the true principle, as I deem it, in reading lessons. Your book needs no extraneous recommendations; it must readily find its way into all schools where sound principles are cherished. God speed you in your enlightened enterprize.

With great respect, your obedient and obliged

W. B. CALHOUN.

From the President of Bowdoin College.

Having examined the Mount Vernon Reader, containing a course of reading lessons designed for the moral benefit of the young, I am happy to say that I have read it with much interest, and deem it well adapted to the purposes for which it was composed. It is much to be lamented that some of our school books are compiled with so much carelessness, as even to admit, in some of the pieces of profane expressions; in this work there is nothing contaminating, but the whole is calculated to exert a good moral and religious influence. Parents, especially, must be gratified with the earnest inculcation, on children, of religious duties.

WM. ALLEN.

Brunswick, July, 1835.

Marblehead, July 9, 1835.

GENTLEMEN:—I have attentively examined the "Mount Vernon Reader" with more than ordinary satisfaction; and being persuaded that it fills an important space not before occupied, sincerely hope it may obtain the extensive patronage, to which, on account of the excellence of the design and its happy execution, it is so earnestly entitled.

Respectfully,

SAMUEL DANA.

FROM REV. JOSEPH ALLEN.

Northborough Sept. 15, 1835.

Dear Sir.—I have had the pleasure to peruse the excellent little school book which you sent me, and of which you are one of the compilers. I had read and admired several of the pieces before, and was glad to see them in a book which I trust will have an extensive circulation, if not in our Schools, yet in our Juvenile and Sabbath School Libraries. I should be glad to have it introduced into our public schools, as I think it better suited to produce a good moral effect on the young mind, than any school book with which I am acquainted. I have a private school of about a dozen boys in my family, and you may be pleased to learn that your book is quite a favourite among them.

Your's, with respect,

JOSEPH ALLEN.

Extract of a letter from Mr. A. W. Pike, of Topefield.
I have met with the Mt: Vernon Reader and was so much pleased with it, as to introduce it immediately as a reading and *recitation* book for smaller boys. The book and manner of using it interests them. The preparation of this little work was a happy thought well executed. Let us see your first and third parts as soon as may be.

Among all the publications of the Messrs. Abbott, we have examined none that seemed better adapted to fulfil the design of the authors, than the Mount Vernon Reader, lately published by Messrs. John Allen & Co. It is intended as one of a series of reading books for schools; not to furnish interesting narrative, or correct grammar, or beautiful language alone, but to diffuse such sentiments as shall have a direct and salutary bearing upon the hearts of the young. The chapters are short, and each delineates some new feature of the human character; some trait worthy of praise and imitation, or some development of the bad passions, whose power and influence must be entirely subdued. We seldom are interested in a mere reading book further than to glance at its chapter of contents; but in this instance, we confess, we have been beguiled into the perusal of many of its well drawn sketches, which must certainly win the favor of parents and instructors, as well as of pupils.—*Am. Traveller.*

"The design of the Mount Vernon Reader, as stated in the preface, is "to exert a direct and powerful moral influence upon the hearts of the children receiving education in the schools of this country; such an influence as shall make them faithful and industrious in the improvement of their time, obedient and affectionate to their parents, kind toward their playmates, and upright and honest in all their intercourse with others. The selections are designed to produce this effect not by formal exhortation or precept, but by narratives and delineations of character, such as are calculated to win their way to the hearts of the young, and insensibly to instil those principles and cultivate those habits which will make them useful both to themselves and others, and happy both here and hereafter. The compilers have honestly endeavoured to exclude every thing which they supposed would be unacceptable to the friends of piety and morality, of whatever name."

The execution of such a design could not have fallen into better hands. Their familiarity with the whole range of this department of literature—their generous and highly estimable contributions to its stock—their pre-eminent tact for moral painting—their experience as teachers, connected with a knowledge of the avenues to the heart, the sources and mean, of influence, so deeply concerned in the formation of characters richly qualify them for such a service. It hardly need be said, that they have been completely successful. While all the lessons are of a character that corresponds with the avowed design of the book, they cannot fail to excite that interested feeling which is essential to good reading. We recommend that our superintending school-committees give it an examination."—*Chr. Mirror.*

PREFACE.

THERE has been a very strong and increasing desire in this country, to make our common schools the means of exerting a more decided and powerful moral influence upon the children educated in them. The compilers of this work, in common with other Christians, have felt this desire; and, as they have taken special interest in writings for the young, they have often had their attention called, by friends of education in various parts of the country, to the propriety of preparing something to be used as a class-book in schools, with a view to aiding in the accomplishment of this purpose.

On mature deliberation, however, it appeared that a series of reading books, for which selections should be made, with special reference to reaching the hearts and cultivating the moral sensibilities of the young, might exert an influence more extensive and powerful than a didactic class-book. Reading books can be more extensively introduced, and also they admit of a greater variety in respect to the form and manner in which the moral lessons are presented, and in the methods, direct and indirect, by which the heart of the pupil may be reached. The result of these reflections has been the preparation of this volume.

The design, then, of the MOUNT VERNON READER is, to exert a direct and powerful moral influence upon the hearts of the children receiving education in the schools of this country: such an influence as shall make th—

faithful and industrious in the improvement of their time, obedient and affectionate to their parents, kind towards their playmates, and upright and honest in all their intercourse with others. The selections are designed to produce this effect, not by formal exhortation or precept, but by narratives and delineations of character, such as are calculated to win their way to the hearts of the young, and insensibly to instill those principles, and cultivate those habits, which will make them useful, both to themselves and others, and happy both here and hereafter. The compilers have honestly endeavoured to exclude every thing, which they supposed would be unacceptable to any of the friends of piety and morality, of whatever name.

In the compilation, the editors have been aided by several individuals, who are, or have been, practically engaged in the business of teaching, and have felt a special interest in the moral improvement of their pupils. Many of the articles are original; others have been contributed by authors, from their own writings; others have been selected by the compilers from such writings as they have thought suitable to their purpose; and, in this case, credit has been given. It is intended that this work shall be followed by two others, for classes younger and older than those for whom this is designed.

The name is selected as one convenient for the purpose of distinction, and, at the same time, having pleasant associations in the mind of every American. The compilers hope that this work may contribute something to extend, among the rising generation of our land, those feelings of piety, philanthropy, and patriotism, which alone can promote the permanent safety and happiness of this nation, and which were so powerfully inculcated upon us, both in precept and example, by the Father of his country, whose remains now moulder in the tomb at MOUNT VERNON.

MOUNT VERNON READER.

LESSON I.

WHAT COULD A CHILD DO WITHOUT FATHER AND MOTHER?

1. It may assist boys and girls a little to estimate their obligations to their parents, to inquire what would become of them, if their parents should refuse to take care of them any longer. You at times, perhaps, feel unwilling to obey your parents; now suppose they should say:

"Very well, my child, if you are unwilling to obey us, you may go away from home and take care of yourself. We cannot be at the trouble and expense of taking care of you unless you are grateful and obedient to us."

2. "Well," perhaps you would say, "let me have my hat and coat, and I will go immediately."

"*Your hat and coat!*" your mother would reply. "The hat and coat are not yours, but your father's. He bought them and paid for them. Why do you call them yours?"

3. You might possibly reply, after thinking a moment, "They are mine because you gave them to me."

"No, my child," your mother would say, "we have only let you have them to wear. You never h·

paid a cent for them. You have not even paid us for the use of them. We wish to keep them for those of our children who are grateful for our kindness. Even the clothes you now have on are not yours. We will however give them to you, and now suppose you should go and see how you can succeed in taking care of yourself."

4. You rise to leave the house. But your mother says, "Stop one moment. Is there not an account to be settled before you leave? We have now clothed and boarded you for ten years. The trouble and expense, at the least calculation, amount to two dollars a week. Indeed I do not suppose that you could have got any one else to have taken you so cheap. Your board for ten years, at two dollars a week, amounts to one thousand and forty dollars. Are you under no obligation to us for all this trouble and all this expense?"

5. You hang down your head and do not know what to say. What can you say? You have no money. You cannot pay them. Your mother, after waiting a moment for an answer, continues: "In many cases, when a person does not pay what is justly due, he is sent to jail. We, however, will be kind to you, and wait a while. Perhaps you can, by working hard for fifteen or twenty years, and by being very economical, earn enough to pay us.

6. But let me see; the interest of the money will be over sixty dollars a year. Oh, no! it is out of the question. You probably could not earn enough to pay us in your whole life. We never shall be paid for the time, expense, and care, we have devoted to our ungrateful son. We hoped he would love us, and

obey us, and thus requite our kindness to him. But it seems he prefers to be ungrateful and disobedient. Good-by."

7. You open the door and go out. It is cold and windy. Shivering with the cold, and without money, you are at once a beggar, and must perish in the streets, unless some one take pity on you.

You go perhaps to the house of a friend, and ask the good people if they will allow you to live with them.

8. They at once reply, "We have so many children of our own, that we cannot afford to take you, unless you will pay for your board and clothing."

You go again out into the street, cold, hungry, and friendless. The darkness of the night is coming on; you have no money to purchase a supper, or a night's lodging. Unless you can get some employment, or find some one who will pity you, you must lie down upon the hard ground, and perish with hunger and cold.

9. Perhaps some benevolent man sees you as he is going home in the evening, and takes you to the overseers of the poor; and says, "Here is a vagrant boy that I found in the streets. We must send the poor little fellow to the poor-house, or he will starve."

You are carried to the poor-house. There you find a very different home from your father's. You are to be dressed in the coarsest garments. You have the meanest food, and are compelled to be obedient, and to do the most servile work.

10, Now suppose while you are in the poor-house some kind gentleman and lady should come and say, "We will take this boy, and give him food and clothes. We will take him into our own parlour, and

give him a chair by our own pleasant fireside. We will buy every thing for him that he needs. We will let him go to school, and pay the teacher to instruct him. We will do every thing in our power to make him happy, and will not ask for any thing but gratitude and obedience in return."

11. What should you think of such kindness? And what should you think of yourself, if you could go to their house, and receive their bounty, and yet be ungrateful and disobedient? Would not a boy who could thus requite such love be deserving of universal detestation?

12. And yet all this your parents are doing, and for years have been doing for you. They pay for the fire that warms you; for the house that shelters you; for the clothes that cover you; for the food that supports you! They watch over your bed in sickness, and provide for your instruction and enjoyment when in health! Your parents do all this without money and without price. Now whenever you feel ill-humoured, or disposed to murmur at any of their requirements, just look a moment and see how the account stands. Consider what would be the consequence if they should refuse to take care of you.

LESSON II.

EXACT OBEDIENCE.

1. One pleasant summer afternoon, in a small school in the country, just after the boys had come in from their recess, the teacher requested that all who

could write, should take out their slates. As soon as the first bustle of opening and shutting the desks was over, he looked around the room, and saw some of the boys ruling lines across their slates, others wiping them all over on both sides, with sponges, others scribbling, or writing, or making figures.

2. "All those," says he, with a pleasant tone and look, "who have taken out any thing besides slates, may rise."

Several, in various parts of the room, stood up.

"All those, who have written any thing since they took out their slates, may rise too, and those who have wiped their slates."

3. When all were up, he said to them, though not with a frown or a scowl, as if they had committed some very great offence:

"Suppose a company of soldiers should be ordered to *form a line*, and instead of simply obeying that order, they should all set to work, each in his own way, doing something else. One man, at one end of the line, begins to load and fire his gun; another takes out his knapsack, and begins to eat his luncheon; a third amuses himself by going as fast as possible through the exercise; and another still, begins to march about, hither and thither, facing to the right and left, and performing all the evolutions he can think of. What should you say to such a company as that?"

4. The boys laughed.

"It is better," said the teacher, "when numbers are acting under the direction of one, that they should all act *exactly together*. In this way, we advance much faster than we otherwise should. Be-

careful therefore to do exactly what I command, and nothing more."

"*Provide a place, on your slates, large enough to write a single line,*" added the teacher, in a distinct voice. (I print his orders in italics, and his remarks and explanations in Roman letter.)

"*Prepare to write.*"

5. "I mean by this," he continued, "that you place your slates before you, with your pencils at the place where you are to begin, so that all may commence precisely at the same instant."

The scholars obeyed, and the teacher saw, on looking around the room, an expression of fixed and pleased attention upon every countenance in school. All were intent; all were interested. Boys love order and system, and are fond of acting in concert; and they will obey, with great alacrity, such commands as these, if they are good-humouredly, though decidedly expressed.

6. The teacher observed, in one part of the room, a hand raised, indicating that the boy wished to speak to him. He gave him liberty, by pronouncing his name.

"I have no pencil;" said the boy.

A dozen hands, all around him, were immediately seen fumbling in pockets and desks; and, in a few minutes, several pencils were reached out for his acceptance.

The boy looked at the pencils, and then at the teacher; he did not exactly know whether he was to take one or not.

7. "All those boys," said the teacher, pleasantly, "who have taken out pencils, may rise."

"Have these boys done right, or wrong?"

"Right;" "Wrong;" "Right;" answered their companions, variously.

"Their motive was to help their classmate out of his difficulties; that is a good feeling, certainly."

8. "Yes, sir; right; right."

"But I thought you promised me a moment ago," replied the teacher, "not to do any thing, unless I commanded it. Did I ask for pencils?"

There was a pause.

"I do not blame these boys at all, in this case, still it is better to adhere rigidly to the principle, of *exact obedience*, when numbers are acting together. I thank them, therefore, for being so ready to assist a companion, but they must put their pencils away, as they were taken out without orders."

9. The teacher said this in a good-humoured, though decided manner, and it was universally well received in the school. Whenever strictness of discipline is unpopular, it is rendered so, simply by the ill-humoured and ill-judged means, by which it is attempted to be introduced. But all children will love strict discipline, if it is pleasantly, though firmly maintained. It is a great, though very prevalent mistake, to imagine that boys and girls like a lax and inefficient government, and dislike the pressure of steady control. What they dislike is, sour looks and irritating language, and they therefore very naturally dislike every thing introduced or sustained by their means.

10. If, however, exactness and precision in all the operations of a class and of the school, are introduced and enforced, in the proper manner, the-

by a firm, but mild and good-humoured authority, scholars will universally be pleased with them. They like to see the uniform appearance,—the straight line,—the simultaneous movement.

11. They like to feel the operation of system, and to realize, while they are at the school-room, that they form a community, governed by fixed and steady laws, firmly but pleasantly administered. On the other hand, laxity of discipline, and the disorder which will result from it, will only lead the pupils to contemn their teacher, and to hate their school.

LESSON III.

A FATHER'S LAST WARNING.

1. SAMUEL, a dissipated young man, was about twenty-five years old. His father was dangerously sick.—His sickness commenced with a cold, and for a fortnight his family were not at all anxious on his account. But his illness increased until it ended in death.

2. During his father's sickness, Samuel in a great measure denied himself the gratification of his appetites. The thought of losing him was painful; and he knew also that the whole neighbourhood would be indignant if he should get intoxicated at such a time. Therefore he kept himself in a degree sober; though it happened several times, that he indulged his appetite so much, as to lose the power of self-control, and was guilty of shameful conduct.

3. The time of his greatest temptation was in the

evening; for, during the day, the business of the shop required his attention. His mother, therefore, made every effort to keep him at home at night; for she knew that if he once got into the circle of his companions, there was no hope of sobriety. Her efforts, however, were not always successful.

4. He rose from the tea-table one evening, and on some pretence of business, left his sick and wearied parents, promising positively to return within an hour. An hour passed away; there was no appearance of Samuel. Another hour passed; still he did not return. His sick father turned in his bed, troubled with anxious thoughts of his son. His wearied mother waited his return, with an aching heart.

5. The clock struck ten; it struck eleven; the sound of footsteps was heard at the door—Samuel entered. He seated himself by the bed-side of his father; and there he remained, a trouble and a grief to the dying man; a drunken son, by the death-bed of his father!

6. Instead of comforting the old man, and smoothing his descent to the grave; instead of causing him to lie down in quiet, and to pass peacefully to his eternal rest, he appeared at his bed-side, the image of drunkenness, guilt, and misery, threatening to be a curse and a wo to the defenceless family, when his father had gone to his God. Oh, wicked man! Oh, guilty son! He disregarded God. He disobeyed conscience. He honoured not his father or his mother. He abused his own body. He injured his own soul. Oh, wretched man! What will he say, when God shall call him to account?

7. On Sabbath evening about dusk, the father was

lying silently on his bed, thinking of his past life, of the history of his family, of their present condition, and of the prospects before them. His wife and daughter were both sitting silently by, occupied with serious thoughts. Samuel was absent, for the consciousness of the wrong he was doing his parents and sister, made it irksome for him to be in their society.

8. "Lucy," said the sick man, "will you find Samuel, and ask him to come here? I wish to see him a little while."

"Oh yes," said Lucy, and she immediately left the room for Samuel. Presently both entered, and Samuel walked to the bed-side of his father.

9. "Samuel," said he feebly, taking him by the hand, "I have sent for you, for I wish to have some serious conversation with you, before I die. I do not expect to live long; indeed, I know I cannot. You see my appearance; my eyes are dim, and have sunk into their sockets; my cheeks are thin;—I am pale and emaciated; I am feeble, and can scarcely speak; I am near my grave.

10. But, Samuel, I think you have neglected me at a time, when I want all the consolation that friends can bestow. For a month past, I have been wasting and pining away, and sinking gradually down to the grave; but no son has been by my side, to alleviate my pains, and to cheer my sad and sinking heart. No! his conduct has added to my sorrow, and brought me down more speedily to the grave.

11. "It was not so, in the day of your trouble. No! we did not thus forsake you. When a burning fever attacked your system, when the throbbing pain

racked your temples, when the heated blood coursed, like liquid fire, through your veins, then I folded you in my arms, attended upon you till I was ready to drop with fatigue. Then, too, your mother watched over you, by night and by day; her care and labour were ceaseless and untiring, administering whatever her love could suggest, to ease and comfort you.

12. "But what returns have you made? Behold your mother! You see her wasted away and emaciated, like myself, a fit companion to lie down with me in the grave. And how is this? It is all the effect of the fatigue she has endured because of your neglect. And so it is with your sister. Look! is she not ready to die?

13. "I have been tossed to and fro upon a bed of pain, and they have endured fatigue and watching to comfort me. But what has my son been doing? ———Oh, Samuel! that cup of yours has been our sorrow; it has been the destroyer of our comfort, the bane of our peace, a burning, consuming fire upon my death-bed.

14. "And where will it end? Oh, Samuel! I know full well, the path in which you walk! That path is the drunkard's path. At its end is a deep grave! That grave is the drunkard's grave, and into that grave my son will fall! Oh! that it might not be! But it is too true. Yes! wretchedness and wo await my family when I am gone; and a drunkard's grave awaits my son!

15. "Samuel, I speak plainly, I know; but how can I help it? I do not want you to abuse my family. I do not want to expose them to your drunken madness.

Oh, that cup! how full of wo!——But, Samuel, I am soon to die. God has called me from this world; and as I go, I commit my family to your care.

16. "You have used the cup of drunkenness a long time, and it has destroyed our peace; and now, on my death-bed, I charge you to break it. Samuel, I know it will be *hard*, I know it will require an effort, and a *great struggle*, but there is no other way. Drop it *at once*, and *entirely*, and there is hope. Use it *a little*, and all is gone.

17. "Now, Samuel, I charge you to abstain. *Never more* touch that cup. Go to God and confess your sin, for it *is* a sin. I ask you if it is not; I appeal to your conscience; don't you know it to be wrong? Has not conscience always reproved you as you drank down that source of wretchedness and wo? Oh, yes, Samuel, you know it has. Conscience always reproved you, but you stifled its voice. Go then, and confess your sin to God; confess and forsake it; forsake it *entirely*, for there is no other way, and God will be merciful to you, and forgive you. But I am exhausted, and can say no more."

Four days after this, the unhappy father died.

LESSON IV.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

1. Every child must observe, how much more happy and beloved some children appear to be than others. There are some children you always love

to be with. They are happy themselves, and they make you happy. There are others whose society you always avoid. The very expression of their countenances produces unpleasant feelings. They seem to have no friends.

2. No person can be happy without friends. The heart is formed for love, and cannot be happy without the opportunity of giving and receiving affection.

"It's not in titles nor in rank,
It's not in wealth like London bank,
To make us truly blest.
If happiness have not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest."

3. But you cannot receive affection unless you will also give it. You cannot find others to love you, unless you will also love them. Love is only to be obtained by giving love in return. Hence the importance of cultivating a cheerful and obliging disposition. You cannot be happy without it. I have sometimes heard a girl say, "I know that I am very unpopular at school." Now this is a plain confession that she is very disobliging and unamiable in her disposition.

4. If your companions do not love you, it is your own fault. They cannot help loving you, if you will be kind and friendly. If you are not loved, it is good evidence that you do not deserve to be loved. It is true that a sense of duty may at times render it necessary for you to do that which is displeasing to your companions.

5. But if it is seen that you have a noble spirit;

that you are above selfishness; that you are willing to make sacrifices of your own personal convenience to promote the happiness of your associates; you will never be in want of friends. You must not regard it as your misfortune that others do not love you, but your fault. It is not beauty, it is not wealth, that will give you friends. Your heart must glow with kindness, if you would attract to yourself the esteem and affection of those by whom you are surrounded.

6. You are little aware how much the happiness of your whole life depends upon the cultivation of an affectionate and obliging disposition. If you will adopt the resolution that you will confer favours whenever you have an opportunity, you will certainly be surrounded by ardent friends. Begin upon this principle in childhood, and act upon it through life, and you will make yourself happy, and promote the happiness of all within your influence.

7. You go to school on a cold winter morning. A bright fire is blazing upon the hearth, surrounded with boys struggling to get near it to warm themselves. After you get slightly warmed, another schoolmate comes in, suffering with the cold.

"Here, James," you pleasantly call out to him, "I am almost warm; you may have my place."

8. As you slip aside to allow him to take your place at the fire, will he not feel that you are kind? The worst dispositioned boy in the world cannot help admiring such generosity. And even though he be so ungrateful as to be unwilling to return the favour, you may depend upon it that he will be your friend, as far as he is capable of friendship. If you

will habitually act upon this principle, you will never want for friends.

9. Suppose some day you are out with your companions playing ball. After you have been playing for some time, another boy comes along. He cannot be chosen upon either side, for there is no one to match him.

"Henry," you say, "you may take my place a little while, and I will rest."

10. You throw yourself down upon the grass, while Henry, fresh and vigorous, takes your bat and engages in the game. He knows that you gave up to accommodate him; and how can he help liking you for it? The fact is, that neither man nor child can cultivate such a spirit of generosity and kindness, without attracting affection and esteem.

11. Look and see who of your companions have the most friends, and you will find that they are those who have this noble spirit; who are willing to deny themselves, that they may make their associates happy. This is not peculiar to childhood, but is the same in all periods of life. There is but one way to make friends; and that is, by being friendly to others.

12. Perhaps some child who reads this, feels conscious of being disliked, and yet desires to have the affection of companions. You ask me what you shall do. I will tell you what. I will give you an infallible direction. *Do all in your power to make others happy. Be willing to make sacrifices of your own convenience, that you may promote the happiness of others.*

13. This is the way to make friends, and the only

cross, rough, unkind tone, as in a kind and pleasant one. And yet, it would seem as if some persons were determined to be surly, or uncourteous, and unaccommodating, whenever there was a chance, for the very love of being so. It must be for nothing else, it is so easy to be otherwise. A pleasant word never cost any body any more than a cross one.

7. I think I can imagine how a certain boy, whom I shall call William, would have acted with our bundle boy. William, you must know, considers himself a model of politeness. He has learned to make an elegant bow: he enters a room with remarkable grace, and almost always has exactly the right thing ready to say when a lady or gentleman addresses him. All this is very well, certainly. It is a good thing to be graceful in company, and polite and respectful to our superiors. But, then, the evil is, that this boy contents himself with being polite *only in company*, as he calls it;—that is, when he is visiting, or receiving visits. This is all that he seems to think of any consequence; for when he is out every day among the boys, he is sometimes as snappish, and surly, and disobliging, especially to those he happens to think beneath him, as if he had been brought up among savages.

8. I was saying, I thought I could tell pretty nearly how William would have acted about the bundle. If he had condescended to carry it to the boy at all, he would, as likely as not, have thrown it at him, when he had got pretty near. "Here! you ragamuffin," I seem to hear him say—"why don't you take better care of your things?"

9. If the boy had offered him peppermints—as, of

course, he wouldn't have thought of doing in this case;—but if he had, I say, what contempt William would have shown. "Who wants your peppermints?" we should have heard him say.

We happened to think of Frederick and William together, because they went to the same school, and were sometimes seen together, though it was seldom indeed that they acted much alike.

10. The other morning, as a good many of the boys were going up the street to school, a very old gentleman, with a stooping gait, and a faltering step, went along, looking up to the houses, as if trying to find some place. He inquired of William, as he passed at the head of a party, if he could tell him, "in which of these houses Mr. Gibbens lived."

"Mr. Gibbens?" repeated William, in no very respectful tone, "I don't know any thing about Mr. Gibbens, I'm sure."

11. A minute afterwards, Frederick came up, with some other boys. The old gentleman inquired again of the party generally, where Mr. Gibbens lived. "Mr. Gibbens, boys!" repeated Frederick, turning to those behind him; "do any of you know where he lives?" And turning round to the gentleman again, "I don't know," he said; "but perhaps I can find it;" and instantly he skipped up the steps to a door, to read the name; for this took place in a large city where people have their names printed on their doors. "That's not it," he said, as he skipped down again, and ran up to another. Several of the boys began to follow his example, for courtesy is generally catching.

12 "Oh! here it is," exclaimed Frederick, as

length, he espied the name. "The steps are slippery—please to be careful, sir."

"Oh! thank you, my young gentleman;—thank you a thousand times," said the stranger. "I should have had a great deal of trouble to find it, for I cannot see very well."

13. Frederick went on his way with the boys, feeling—not proud, or as if he had done some great thing; but pleased, and a little happier than if the incident had not occurred. Frederick's was the satisfaction of having rendered the stranger a favour, though but a trifling one to be sure,—while William had but momentarily enjoyed the laugh of his companions, at his own conduct, for which, however, he had himself good sense enough to feel condemned.

14. One who took the trouble to observe him constantly, would have concluded that it was very good policy in Frederick to be always so affable and accommodating. It is pretty certain that he never thought any thing about policy; but then it was really the case, that he was always treated better by the boys, than any other one in school. The boys were almost always ashamed to be rude, or impudent, or unkind, either to him or, in fact, to any body else, when Fred. Clever was present.

15. On a good cold morning, for example, when a crowd of boys would be crowding round the stove, before school, no boy, after he had once secured a good warm place, would seem to think of moving to let another come, even though his face might be burning up. But if Frederick came, every boy would begin to step a little; and each would look at the others, to see if somebody would not give up his place. And

why was this? They would not have done it for any other boy. Why? because they knew just how Frederick would act himself, in such cases.

16. Frederick was not one who never looked out for any body but himself. He liked to be warm as well as any one; but after he was pretty comfortable, he would leave his place to some one else. He did not make a great parade about it; but if a boy came along rubbing his ears, and looking pretty rosy,—"Look here! you sir," Frederick would say; "here's room for you; I'm warm enough;" and then he would be off to play, or to his lessons, without stopping to hear what the boy had to say.

LESSON VI.

THE LOST KITE.

1. My kite! my kite! I've lost my kite!
Oh! when I saw the steady flight
With which she gain'd her lofty height,
How could I know, that letting go
That naughty string, would bring so low
My pretty, buoyant, darling kite,
To pass for ever out of sight?

2. A purple cloud was sailing by,
With silver fringes, o'er the sky,
And then, I thought it seem'd so nigh,
I'd make my kite go up and light
Upon its edge, so soft and bright,
To see how noble, high and proud
She'd look, while riding on a cloud.

3. As near her shining mark she drew,
I clapp'd my hands; the line slipp'd through
My silly fingers; and she flew
Away! away! in airy play,
Right over where the water lay!
She veer'd and flutter'd, swung, and gave
A plunge, then vanish'd with the wave.

H. F. GOULD.

LESSON VII.

THE RAFT.*

1. ONE day two boys went to a pond to make a raft. They found some logs on the shore, and some boards lying near. They cut the logs and boards into right lengths, and then both went to work nailing them together.

"Samuel," said John, "I will nail on the other board if you will go into the bushes, and cut two poles to shove with."

2. Samuel took the axe, and went into the bushes. He had been cutting but a few minutes, when he heard John exclaim:

"Oh, my thumb! I wish I had taken the hammer, Samuel—I have pounded my thumb. Oh!

* This lesson, and several others in the course of the book, are inserted simply as reading lessons of unusual difficulty, calculated to interest the class, and yet to put to a severe test their powers of elocution. The teacher should pay particular attention to the manner in which the interlocutory passages are read.

how it aches! There is a blood-blister all about my thumb nail. It smarts like fire."

3. "Oh, never mind, John; it will feel better soon. Let me take the stone and nails and finish it."

So Samuel finished nailing the boards; after that, they both got upon the raft, and pushing with the long poles, sailed along the coast.

4. They found it difficult to manage the raft in deep water, with their poles; and one of them proposed to make a sail. Samuel's mother gave him an old piece of green bocking, which answered the purpose. They fastened it to a pole, and raised it upon the raft. They jumped on, and were pushing off from the shore—

"Stop, John," said Samuel, "let us take Watch on with us."

5. "Oh, well," said John, pushing the raft back; "here Watch, here."

Watch was a good-sized black dog, but was afraid of the water, and would not go; so John was obliged to bring him on in his arms. The boys stood, one at each end of the raft, with the dog crouching down between them. The wind blew gently, and they sailed steadily along the shore, calling out, one to the other:

"Ship, ahoy!"

"Halloo!"

"Where are you bound?"

"Bound to port."

6. "Bear away upon your lee bow."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Starboard your helm."

"Hard a-starboard."

"Luff a little, luff."

"Ay, ay, sir."

7. The boys thus continued their sport a long time; they sailed slowly down the shore, calling out to each other, in various sea phrases, as John had learned them from his father. Poor Watch lay trembling between them; his ears were lopped smoothly down, and his tail drawn close about his body.

"Why, Watch, what are you afraid of?" said Samuel. "Just see how he trembles, John. Poor dog! poor dog! good little dog!—why, Watch!—good little Watch!—How afraid he is of the water—isn't he, John?"

8. "Yes, he is a great coward about that, but he has got spirit enough for any thing else. He is a fine fellow for hunting squirrels. He will dig one out in a moment, almost. I never saw such a fellow to scratch gravel. I wish I could make him love the water."

"Ho, you can do that easily enough. Just throw him into the water two or three times, and he will get so that he won't mind it at all."

9. "Ho, that will not do any good; I have tried it as much as a dozen times, and it only makes him worse and worse. But 'tis very hard to throw him in; I don't believe you can do it."

"Ho—can't throw him in! I can."

"I don't believe it."

"I have a good mind to try it. If he was not so afraid, I would."

"Ah! there's a *good* excuse."

"Why, John, do you think I can't throw that dog into the water?"

"Yes, I do."

"I can do it; and I'll show you that I can."

11. So saying, Samuel took the dog about his shoulders, and lifted his forefeet from the raft. The dog growled roughly, but Samuel knew that he would not bite. He put his foot behind him, and tried to push him in; but the dog struggled, and in the struggle Samuel's foot got tripped up by a pole that was lying on the raft, and both fell headlong into the water.

12. "Ha! ha! Samuel—ha! ha! ha! You can throw him in—can't you? I didn't think you could do it so easily as that," said John. And there he stood on the raft, pointing with both hands at Samuel, who was floundering in the water, and laughing at him with all his might. Samuel's wet clothes were so heavy that he could not swim well; and the water was so deep, almost up to his neck, that he could not wade fast; so that the raft was sailing away, leaving Samuel in the water.

13. John, however, took down the green sail, and with his pole pushed back the raft, till Samuel, wading slowly along, came up to it, and climbed on deck again, the water dripping from him on all sides. Samuel could not boast much of the exploit, though he had plunged the dog in; he therefore wished to say nothing about it.

14. "Where is Watch?" he asked.

"I don't know: why, where is he? he isn't drowned, is he?" said John.

They looked around on the water, but saw not

of him. They looked towards the shore; and there he was just wading out of the water. He ran up the green bank, rolled over and over in the tall grass, and frisked about in the warm sun, shaking the water from his dripping sides. The boys turned their raft to the shore as soon as they could, and went home. John enjoyed the frolic much; but Samuel was rather uncomfortable in his wet clothes.

15. They kept the raft all summer, and used it a great deal. Sometimes they played with it when they were swimming. They often used it when fishing. They would go out some way into the pond, where there was a sort of sand-bank under water, and the fishes thick, and tying a large stone at one end of a rope, and the other end to the mast, they would throw the stone over into the water for an anchor.

16. There they would sit for hours on their raft, pulling up fishes as fast as you could wish. They would throw in their line, and in an instant the cork would bob under water—they would pull it up again, and a noble trout would come dangling in the air. Sometimes, too, they would sail for an hour or more away up to the farther end of the pond, and getting a raft-load of pond-lilies, they would sail back again, carry them down into the village, and give them awa to all the boys and girls they met.

LESSON VIII.

WHOSE HAT DO YOU WEAR?

1. The master of a school was accidentally looking out of the window one day, and he saw one of the boys throwing stones at a hat, which was put up for that purpose upon the fence. He said nothing about it at the time, but made a memorandum of the occurrence, that he might bring it before the school, at the proper time.

2. When the hour set apart for attending to the general business of the school had arrived, and all were still, he said:

"I saw one of the boys throwing stones at a hat to-day, did he do right or wrong?"

There were one or two faint murmurs which sounded like "*Wrong*," but the boys generally made no answer.

"Perhaps it depends a little upon the question whose hat it was. Do you think it does depend upon that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, suppose then it was not his own hat, and he was throwing stones at it without the owner's consent, would it be plain in that case, whether he was doing right or wrong?"

"Yes, sir; wrong," was the universal reply.

3. "Suppose it was his own hat, would he have been right? Has a boy a right to do what he pleases with his own hat?"

"Yes, sir," "Yes, sir," "No, sir," "No, sir," answered the boys confusedly.

"I do not know whose hat it was. If the boy who did it is willing to rise and tell me, it will help us to decide this question."

The boy, knowing that a severe punishment was not in such a case to be anticipated, and in fact, apparently pleased with the idea of exonerating himself from the blame of wilfully injuring the property of another, rose and said:

"I suppose it was I, sir, who did it, and it was my own hat."

4. "Well," said the master, "I am glad you are willing to tell frankly how it was; but let us look at this case. There are two senses in which a hat may be said to belong to any person. It may belong to him because he bought it and paid for it, or it may belong to him because it fits him and he wears it. In other words a person may have a hat as his property, or he may have it only as a part of his dress. Now you see, that according to the first of these senses, all the hats in this school belong to your fathers. There is not in fact a single boy in this school who has a hat of his own."

5. The boys laughed.

"Is not this the fact?"

"Yes, sir."

"It certainly is so, though I suppose James did not consider it. Your fathers bought your hats. They worked for them, and paid for them. You are only the wearers, and consequently every generous boy, and in fact every honest boy, will be careful of the property which is intrusted to him, but which strictly speaking is not his own."

LESSON IX.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF ONE WHO WAS ALWAYS BEHINDHAND.

1. "COME, Emma, I cannot wait any longer for Maria; if she is not ready, we must go without her."

"She is *almost* ready, do wait one minute more," said Emma; "for you know you promised to tell us, in our walk, something about the sugar plantation, you visited last week, and Maria wants to make that the subject of her composition next week."

2. Maria has a sad habit," said her father, "of always being a little behind the time; I have suffered much inconvenience several times lately, from her tardiness, and I have resolved not to wait for her any more, but always to start precisely at eight, whether she is ready or not."

"But she is particularly desirous to walk with us this morning," said Emma, "to hear what you have to say about the plantation, and if you will indulge her once more, perhaps she will be more careful in future."

3. "No; I am afraid it will be a long while," returned her father, "before she corrects this fault, unless she suffers some inconvenience of this kind; and if we go without her to-day, she will be likely to remember it." So saying, he left the house, accompanied by Emma.

4. The school which Emma and Maria attended was about a mile and a half from their father's house. This walk, formerly very tedious to them, had been rendered lately not only tolerable, but very

pleasant, by the removal of their father's place of business, which afforded them his company a large part of the way.

5. There was another advantage in this change. The sisters, like some other school girls, would sometimes get engaged in the morning, in reading, studying, or some pleasant employment, and forget when the time for school arrived, and they were thus often made tardy when they might have been in season.

But now, as it was necessary for their father to be at his office, at just such an hour, which was twenty minutes before their school commenced, they were sure to be in season if they accompanied him.

6. Yet, Maria would sometimes delay preparation, until the moment for starting was just upon them, and then she would bustle about, and hurry, and try to persuade her kind father to wait "*just one minute.*"

7. Her father observed this fault, but, being unwilling to deny her request, when he saw how desirous she was to accompany him, he had yielded to her, from time to time; and delayed taking any decisive step to cure her. But he soon found that, in this way, he was submitting himself to much inconvenience, besides strengthening his daughter in a bad habit. He therefore resolved to try a different plan, and it was on the morning when our story begins, that he began to act upon his new resolution.

8. Poor Maria! She heard her father's words as she was searching for her gloves in the next room. She opened every drawer, looked in her bag, workbox, and everywhere; but they were not to be found.

"Well," said she at last, "father has gone, and I don't care if I *am* late to-day. I'm sure, I don't see what has set him out to be so very particular to-day; it is only five minutes after eight now, and he waited twice as long yesterday!"

9. Impatient and dissatisfied, Maria went to seek her mother, to ask if she had seen any thing of her gloves. On her way, she met her little sister, who said, "Why, Maria, Emma has gone, and father, and you will have to go to school all alone, this morning."

"Well, it need not concern you, whether I go alone or not," said Maria; "I wish you would not always interfere with my affairs."

10. "Why, Maria," said her mother, who was within hearing, "what makes you speak so to your sister? She said nothing but what was perfectly proper."

"I wish you would tell me where to look for my gloves," said Maria, without answering her mother's question, or apparently attending to what she said.

"I know where they are," said Ellen; "I saw them this morning under the entry table," and ran to get them.

11. Ellen now returned, and Maria, as she took her gloves from her, tried to say, "I thank you," but her good-nature was not yet sufficiently restored, for her to go quite so far in confessing herself in the wrong, and she only looked a little ashamed, and went quickly out of the room. She walked slowly on her way, thinking of what her conduct had been, and by the time she reached the school door, the mild air, and pleasant sun, seemed to have had the effect to restore, in some degree, her usual composure.

12. She met her teacher on the door step, talking to a lady; and he said to her in a tone of regret, "What, tardy again, Maria? I was really in hopes that you were trying to reform in this respect."

The colour came to Maria's face as she heard these words, and all her unpleasant feelings returned. "I wonder," said she, to herself, "what is the matter with every body this morning; I am sure *I* have not done any thing in particular to displease them, but it seems as if I could get nothing but scolding, on all sides. I don't care much for it, though."

13. Maria's class was reciting, when she entered the room. She took her seat with the rest, but the excited state of her feelings prevented her from recollecting the answer to the first question, which came to her, and she resolved not to try to answer the rest. "I may as well miss the whole, as a part," thought she, "and Miss W. always passes the question so quick."

14. Maria had been accustomed to give way to her feelings, and it was not until very lately, that she had attempted to put any restraint upon them. She found this very hard work, and, at first, only partially succeeded. When she took her seat at her desk, she thought how foolishly she had acted, and that, perhaps, after all, it was *she* that had been most in fault, instead of her parents and teacher. "But still," thought she, "if my father had only waited one minute for me, which he might have done as well as not, all this trouble would have been avoided."

15. She took out her writing-book, but felt unwilling to go and ask her teacher to mend her pen; so she tried to write with it, just as it was. But,

with all her efforts, she could not make it answer; it would make a coarse mark, where there should be a fine one, and then again, it would not make any mark at all. In her haste, arising from the excitement which this produced, she dipped her pen too far into the ink-stand, and the next moment, a large drop fell from it upon her book.

16. "Oh dear!" said she, "even if I *try* to be good-natured, I can't; even the pen and ink seem to be trying to see what they can do to vex me." She took some blotting paper and laid it upon the ink, but so carelessly that the liquid spread in every direction. This called forth another exclamation from Maria, about the blotting paper, and a wish that Mr. S. would not keep such miserable, worthless stuff to sell. She laid away her writing, and took out her Arithmetic. Though quick at figures, she had scarcely furnished her last sum, when the class in that study was called out.

17. Thus passed the day. Being commenced in such a way, we should expect little else than that it would be closed in a similar manner. Maria continued irritable and unhappy. She made, sometimes, a little effort to overcome her wrong feelings; but every little thing that opposed her in any way, instantly excited them again; and, at last, when night came, she actually went away, all alone, resolved that, at least, no one should see her any longer in such a state.

LESSON X.

THE INTERMENT OF WILBERFORCE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

1. NEARLY a thousand years ago, a convent was founded on the river Thames a few miles west of London, and as the name *Minster* was then applied to a monastic church, this was called, from its position, the west minster. A town sprung up around it, which gradually extended down the river towards London, which was itself also gradually extended up to meet it. The Abbey increased in wealth, and building after building was erected in the style of Gothic architecture common in those days. At last the monastic institution, which held its seat there, was suppressed, and the magnificent edifice was converted to public purposes.

2. This celebrated building, or rather cluster of buildings, for, from a little distance, it exhibits to the eye a splendid group of chapels, halls, spires and towers, which appear more like a village than a church, is Westminster Abbey, and is now far within the limits of London, i. e. of what is popularly called London. Volumes after volumes have been written, and engravings unnumbered have been executed, to describe and illustrate its history, its apartments, its monuments, its chapels, and the imposing magnificence of its ancient architecture. It is now the object of public attention chiefly from splendid ceremonies of state which are performed in the interior, and from the fact that the highest posthumous honour that can be paid in England to a

soldier, a statesman, a poet, or a philosopher, is, to give his ashes a place under its marble floor.

3. It was a day in the month of August, 1833, that the body of William Wilberforce was to be deposited there; and, a little after one o'clock, a long procession issued from the Parliament House, very near the Abbey, and, passing though the large concourse of people which filled the street, they entered the iron gate, and thence through the great Gothic door, at the west front of the Abbey. As the procession passed in, they found themselves ushered into the lower end of a most magnificent hall, with a paved floor, and lofty vaulted roof, and rows of grouped columns on each side, the spaces between which were ornamented with monuments of every possible form and design, the work of many centuries.

4. The effect upon the feelings, produced by coming, under such circumstances, into such an interior, is almost overwhelming. The lofty height of the painted arches above, the richly carved columns and cornices, the immense windows, and the splendid perspective before, as the eye turns up the church, which extends hundreds of feet, all impress the mind with emotions of the highest kind.

5. Of course only a small part of so immense an interior as this, can be employed for purposes of oral address. This part is an enclosure on the floor of the church, towards the remoter end, and from this enclosure a spacious area extends on each side, into wings which form a part of the main building, giving to the whole interior the form of a cross, the usual form of the churches erected in the middle ages. The lower end of this enclosure is formed by the

organ, and within it are a pulpit and ranges of seats for a congregation, the whole being called the *Choir*.

6. The procession was arranged in a straight line, extending up the church, a little to the left of the centre. Presently, a choir of about thirty singing boys and twenty men appeared. They came in from a side door, and advanced in a line parallel with the other procession. The boys, who were from eight to fourteen years of age, were all arrayed in rich dresses. Half of their number wore crimson velvet small clothes and blue stockings,—the upper garment was a kind of loose frock-coat, ornamented with red and yellow frogs and gold lace. Others wore white robes, and all carried before them a book of manuscript music, containing the burial service.

7. The men were clothed variously. Some wore long black gowns. Others were in white; some with scarfs, thrown over one shoulder, and tied under the other arm; several bore in their hands a black wand. Next following this choir of singers, came the members of the House of Peers. Then the pall-bearers, walking on each side of the coffin. The pall, which entirely concealed the coffin, was of rich black velvet, with silken fringe and tassels. On the top of it, six or eight long black plumes were waving. Attendants followed the bier with similar plumes in their hands. The family and friends of the deceased, accompanied by many of the clergy and invited friends, closed the procession.

8. In this situation, the double procession stood waiting for the signal to advance. It was a moment of solemn silence, and most affecting interest. As

the eye glanced up the Abbey, the clustered columns which supported the lofty roof, the Gothic arches springing from their summits and sustaining its fretted vault, produced a strong effect. The mellow light which came through the large painted windows, added not a little to the saddening influence of the scene.

9. A note from the organ was the signal to advance. The choir commenced the chanting of the burial service, at the same moment that the procession, following the bier, moved forward. The notes of the organ and the voices of the choir, as they approached it, seemed to mingle together along the arches of the Abbey, and produced an effect which it is almost impossible to describe. The solemn appearance of the procession, its slow and measured tread, the soft and subdued voices of the singers, the notes of the distant organ, and the multitude of monuments meeting the eye in every direction, contributed to deepen the impression.

10. As the procession approached the choir, a large iron gate was thrown open, to admit them to that part of the Abbey in which the opening for depositing the body was made. It was in one of those projecting areas, the transept, as it is called, which have been already described. The strong iron gate which led off from the back of the organ to the left hand, guarded the entrance to that side of the transept. The train of singers, the united friends, the clergy, the Lords and Commons, all passed through in succession, while the sad and solemn notes of the funeral service were echoing along the aisles of the Abbey.

11. When the procession had passed, the iron gate was closed, and the multitude behind were left to look through the railing, while the crowded company of ladies and gentlemen, who had been admitted, went on, and gathered round the place of interment. Every place in this part of the Abbey was soon occupied, every nook and corner filled. Some climbed upon the pedestals of the different monuments, and others stood clinging to iron railings. The choir of singers was arranged on one side of the grave; the bishops and dignitaries of the church stood near.

12. After the procession had thus been arranged at the grave, the body was taken from the bier and laid at the mouth of the tomb. While the preparations were making to lay it in the earth, the choir began to sing in those most impressive words of the Burial Service, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." * * "Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live." * * "He cometh up and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay. In the midst of life we are in death." * *

13. While these solemn passages were sung, the body was deposited in its last resting-place, and the clergyman who conducted the obsequies of this his deceased brother, pronounced over the opened grave, which had just received its tenant, "We commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; looking for the general resurrection in the last day, and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ." * * * *

14. And the choir responded, "I heard a voice form heaven, saying unto me, Write from hence-

forth, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours."

Thus closes the earthly history of William Wilberforce, the Christian statesman. He has left, however, in the hearts of the Christian world, a far more permanent monument, than the majestic pile of buildings which covers his mortal remains.

LESSON XI.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

1. Oh lovely voices of the sky,
   Which hymn'd a Saviour's birth!
   Are ye not singing still on high,
   Ye that sang "Peace on earth?"
   To us yet speak the strains,
   Wherewith, in times gone by,
   Ye bless'd the Syrian swains,
   Oh voices of the sky!

2. Oh clear and shining light, whose beams
   That hour heaven's glory shed
   Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
   And on the shepherd's head!
   Be near through life and death,
   As in that holiest night
   Of hope, and joy, and faith,
   Oh clear and shining light!

3. Oh star! which led to Him, whose love
Brought down man's ransom free,
Where art thou? midst the host above
May we still gaze on thee?
In heaven thou art not set;
Thy rays earth may not dim;
Send them to guide us yet,
Oh star which led to Him!

MRS. HEMANS.

LESSON XII.

THE LOST CHILD FOUND.

1. A FEW years since a child was lost in the woods. He was out with his brothers and sisters gathering berries, and accidentally was separated from them and lost. The children after looking in vain for some time in search of the little wanderer, returned just in the dusk of the evening, to inform their parents that their brother was lost and could not be found. The woods at that time were infested with bears. The darkness of a cloudy night was rapidly coming on, and the alarmed father, gathering a few of his neighbours, hastened in search of the lost child.

2. The mother remained at home, almost distracted with suspense. As the clouds gathered and the darkness increased, the father and the neighbours, with highly excited fears, traversed the woods in all directions, and raised loud shouts to attract the attention of the child. But their search was in vain. They could find no trace of the wanderer; and as

they stood under the boughs of the lofty trees, and listened, that if possible they might hear his feeble voice; no sound was borne to their ears but the melancholy moaning of the wind as it swept through the thick branches of the forest. The gathering clouds threatened an approaching storm, and the deep darkness of the night had already enveloped them.

3. It is difficult to conceive what were the feelings of that father. And who could imagine how deep the agony which filled the bosom of that mother, as she heard the wind, and beheld the darkness in which her child was wandering? The search continued in vain till nine o'clock in the evening. Then one of the party was sent back to the village to collect the inhabitants for a more extensive search.—The bell rung the alarm, and the cry of fire resounded through the streets. It was, however, ascertained that it was not fire which caused the alarm, but that the bell tolled to spread the more solemn tidings of a child lost.

4. Every heart sympathized in the sorrows of the distracted parents. Soon the multitudes of the people were seen ascending the hill upon the declivity of which the village was situated, to aid in the search. Ere long the rain began to fall, but no tidings came back to the village of the lost child.—Hardly an eye was that night closed in sleep, and there was not a mother who did not feel for the agonized parents. The night passed away, and the morning dawned and yet no tidings came. At last those engaged in the search met together, and held a consultation. They made arrangements for a more minute and extended search, and agreed that in car

the child was found, a gun should be fired to give a signal to the rest of the party.

5. As the sun arose the clouds were dispelled, and the whole landscape glittered in the rays of the bright morning. But that village was deserted and still. The stores were closed, and business was hushed. Mothers were walking the streets with sympathizing countenances and anxious hearts.—There was but one thought there—what has become of the lost child? All the affections and interests of the community were flowing in one deep and broad channel towards the little wanderer.

6. About nine in the morning, the signal gun was fired which announced that the child was found, and for a moment how dreadful was the suspense! Was it found a mangled corpse, or was it alive and well? Soon a joyful shout proclaimed the safety of the child. The shout was borne from tongue to tongue, till the whole forest rung again with the joyful acclamations of the multitude. A commissioned messenger rapidly bore the tidings to the distracted mother. A procession was immediately formed by those engaged in the search. The child was placed upon a platform, hastily constructed from the boughs of trees, and borne in triumph at the head of the procession.

7. When they arrived at the brow of the hill, they rested for a moment, and proclaimed their success with three loud and animated cheers. The procession then moved on, till they arrived in front of the dwelling, where the parents of the child resided. The mother, who stood at the door, with streaming eyes and throbbing heart could no longer

restrain herself or her feelings. She rushed into the street, clasped her child to her bosom, and wept aloud. Every eye was suffused with tears, and for a moment all were silent. But suddenly some one gave a signal for a shout. One loud, and long, and happy note of joy rose from the assembled multitude, and they then dispersed to their business and their homes.

LESSON XIII.

THE TRUANT.

1. Henry Jones was twelve years of age when his father sent him to the high school in the town in which he lived. One bright summer afternoon, as Henry was walking along the shore of the river, on his way to school, he saw a beautiful boat floating upon the water, and tied with a long rope to a stump. He threw his book and slate on the bank, and thought he would stop a moment and play with the boat.

2. He took hold of the rope and pulled the boat up to a large rock, so that he could get in, and then taking the paddle, pushed himself out into the stream as far as the rope would allow him to go. It seemed so much more pleasant to him to be playing upon the water, in the cool breeze of the summer day, than to be studying in the school-house, that he resolved he would stay in the boat for about half an hour, and then go to school and make some excuse for being tardy.

3. After paddling about for a little while, he saw a board floating down the stream, but so far off that

he could not reach it unless he untied the rope. He supposed he could easily paddle the boat back again to the shore, and therefore boldly pushed out into the stream. The current carried him rapidly down the river, and notwithstanding all his efforts, it was a long time before he could regain the shore. He then took hold of the rope, and with much difficulty succeeded in drawing the boat back again to the place from which he had started.

4. It was now too late for him to venture to school. He was very much fatigued with his hard work in paddling against the current, and drawing the boat up the stream. His feet were wet, and his hands blistered. As he sat down on a rock on the shore to rest himself, he felt alone and unhappy. It was the first time he had ever played the truant, and his conscience reproached him for the sin. The remainder of the afternoon he lounged away in indolence, and then went home, oppressed with feelings of guilt.

5. When Henry rose the next morning, he was troubled with the thought that he had no excuse to render at school, for his absence the day before. It would have been well if he had honestly confessed his fault, and asked forgiveness; he then might have been happy again. But, no! He decided to tell a lie; and, when at school he was asked by his instructer why he was absent, he replied that his father wished him to stay at home to assist him. Thus did he increase his guilt, and burden his conscience with new sorrows.

6. Not long after this, as Henry was going to school, he met some boys with their fishing poles, on a fishing excursion to a neighbouring brook. They

invited Henry to go with them. For a moment he hesitated; but then he thought that as he escaped detection before, he might be as successful again, and he concluded to go. He tried to feel happy, as he ran along upon the green grass, and played among the tall trees which rose from the margin of the brook. But he was not happy, for he was continually fearing that his conduct might be discovered.

7. To conceal this fault he told several lies, and became hardened in sin. After this he often played truant. Some pleasures he doubtless found; but the sad consequences which are to be traced back to this habit, we reserve for another lesson.

LESSON XIV.

JACK HASTY.

1. Jack Hasty is a very impatient boy. Little difficulties vex and irritate him, and he often shows his vexation and impatience in very improper ways.

2. For example, sometimes when he is playing with his younger brother, he gets out of humour with him, because the little fellow cannot understand easily, what he wants him to do. His brother is quite small, and does not think so quick as older boys; but Jack does not make any allowance for this; he flies into a passion with him, instead of patiently explaining to him what he wants.

3. The other day, he got his little brother, and another boy, just about as large, to be his horses; and he told them how they must go, when he said

haw and *gee*. After he had told them, he would then drive them around the yard as fast as possible, calling out *haw* or *gee*, every now and then, according as he wanted them to go to the right or the left. But the poor little fellows could not think quick enough, and sometimes they would turn wrong, and sometimes they would pull off different ways, until Jack got out of all patience.

4. At last, he was coming up towards a tree, and he called out to them, haw, *haw*, HAW, I say; but the boys went wrong, and he felt so vexed, that he struck at them pretty hard, with his whip, and the little snapper curled round and struck his brother right under his eye. He cried aloud with the pain, and their father came out to see what was the matter.

5. I have not time to tell now what their father said, for I have more to say about Jack's impatience.

He would not only get vexed with his little brother, but sometimes with mere lifeless things, such as his knife, and his playthings. Once he got punished for it, or rather he punished himself; for, as he was *whittling* one day, trying to dig out a little boat he was making, he got out of patience with his knife, because it was dull, and after working and worrying away with it for some time, he threw his boat down, and struck the knife with all his force into the plank on which he was sitting. The knife stuck into the plank, but the force of the blow shut it up against his fingers, and cut them sadly. He was ashamed to cry, however; so he only held it in cold water, until it had done bleeding, and then bound it up himself.

6. Which is the worst, to get vexed with a knife

or with a little boy? It is hard to tell. It is, perhaps, the greatest *folly* to get angry with a knife, and the greatest *wickedness* to be angry with a brother. The knife not only was not to blame, but could not possibly be to blame. Whereas, the boy might have been inattentive; though, if he had been, that would have been no excuse for being angry with him, and striking him with a whip.

7. Boys very often get *put out*, as they call it, with what they have to play with, but oftener with one another; and I believe it is generally true, that the boy who does wrong most frequently himself, is most displeased with others when they do wrong. This is absurd enough, but there is one thing more absurd still, and that is, that a boy who is most likely to be careless about his tools, and playthings, is almost always, when he comes to use them, getting angry with them, for being out of order; as if the fault were not entirely in him. Jack Hasty, for example, will throw his hat down anywhere, when he comes in, and then when he wants to go out again, in a great hurry, he will run all about the house, looking everywhere, and scolding and fretting as if he thought his hat ought to go and hang itself up, when he throws it down.

8. I advise you, Jack Hasty, to go and drive up a nail, in some proper place, and always put your hat on it; and then I presume you will find it there, when you want to go out. So I advise you to have a place for all your things, and to keep them in order. When your knife gets dull, sharpen it; when your wheelbarrow is broken, mend it; and do every thing calmly and patiently, and there will be no occasion

for your getting out of humour. But, above all, never treat that little brother of yours unkindly. He likes to play with you, and you ought to do all you can to make him happy.

LESSON XV.

THE CHESTNUT BUR.

1. One fine pleasant morning, in the fall of the year, the master was walking along toward school, and he saw three or four boys under a large chestnut tree, gathering chestnuts.

One of the boys was sitting upon the ground, trying to open some chestnut burs, which he had knocked off from the tree. The burs were green, and he was trying to open them by pounding them with a stone.

2. He was a very impatient boy, and was scolding, in a loud angry tone, against the burs. He did not see, he said, what in the world chestnuts were made to grow so for. They ought to grow right out in the open air, like apples, and not have such vile porcupine skins on them,—just to plague the boys. So saying, he struck with all his might a fine large bur, crushed it to pieces, and then jumped up, using at the same time profane and wicked words. As soon as he turned round he saw the master standing very near him. He felt very much ashamed and afraid, and hung down his head.

3. "Roger," said the master, (for this boy's name was Roger,) "can you get me a chestnut bur?"

Roger looked up for a moment, to see whether the

master was in earnest, and then began to look around for a bur.

A boy who was standing near the tree, with a red cap full of burs in his hand, held out one of them. Roger took the bur and handed it to the master, who quietly put it into his pocket, and walked away without saying a word.

4. As soon as he was gone, the boy with the red cap, said to Roger, "I expected the master would have given you a good scolding for talking so."

"The master never scolds," said another boy, who was sitting on a log pretty near, with a green satchel in his hand, "but you see if he does not remember it." Roger looked as if he did not know what to think about it.

"I wish," said he, "I knew what he is going to do with that bur."

5. That afternoon, when the lessons had all been recited, and it was about time to dismiss the school, the boys put away their books, and the master read a few verses in the Bible, and then offered a prayer, in which he asked God to forgive all the sins which any of them had committed that day, and to take care of them during the night. After this he asked the boys all to sit down. He then took his handkerchief out of his pocket, and laid it on the desk; and afterwards he put his hand into his pocket again, and took out the chestnut bur, and all the boys looked at it.

6. "Boys," said he, "do you know what this is?"

One of the boys in the back seat, said, in a half whisper, "It is nothing but a chestnut bur."

"Lucy," said the master, to a bright-eyed little girl, near him, "what is this?"

"It is a chestnut bur, sir," said she.

"Do you know what it is for?"

"I suppose there are chestnuts in it."

"But what is this rough prickly covering for?"

Lucy did not know.

7. "Does any body here know?" said the master.

One of the boys said he supposed it was to hold the chestnuts together, and keep them up on the tree.

"But I heard a boy say," replied the master, "that they ought not to be made to grow so. The nut itself, he thought, ought to hang alone on the branches, without any prickly covering,—just as apples do."

"But the nuts themselves have no stems to be fastened by," answered the same boy.

8. "That is true, but I suppose this boy thought that God could have made them grow with stems, and that this would have been better than to have them in burs."

After a little pause the master said he would explain to them what the chestnut bur was for, and wished them all to listen attentively.

"How much of the chestnut is good to eat, William?" asked he, looking at a boy before him.

"Only the meat."

9. "How long does it take the meat to grow?"

"All summer, I suppose, it is growing."

"Yes; it begins early in the summer, and gradually swells and grows until it has become of full size, and is ripe in the fall. Now suppose there were a tree out here near the school-house, and the chestnut meats should grow upon it without any shell or

covering; suppose too that they should taste like good ripe chestnuts at first, when they were very small. Do you think they would be safe?"

10. William said, "No! the boys would pick and eat them before they had time to grow."

"Well, what harm would there be in that? would it not be as well to have the chestnuts early in the summer, as to have them in the fall?"

William hesitated. Another boy, who sat next to him, said:

"There would not be so much meat in the chestnuts, if they were eaten before they had time to grow."

11. "Right," said the master, "but would not the boys know this, and so all agree to let the little chestnuts stay, and not eat them while they were small?"

William said he thought they would not. If the chestnuts were good, he was afraid they would pick them off and eat them, if they were small.

All the rest of the boys in school thought so too.

"Here then," said the master, "is one reason for having prickles around the chestnuts when they are small. But then it is not necessary to have all chestnuts guarded from boys in this way; a great many of the trees are in the woods, which the boys do not see; what good do the burs do in these trees?"

12. The boys hesitated. Presently the boy who had the green satchel under the tree with Roger, who was sitting in one corner of the room, said:

"I should think they would keep the squirrels from eating them."

"And besides," continued he, after thinking a mo-

ment, "I should suppose if the meat of the chestnut had no covering, the rain might wet it and make it rot, or the sun might dry and wither it."

13. "Yes," said the master, "these are very good reasons why the nut should be carefully guarded.—First, the meats are packed away in a hard brown shell, which the water cannot get through; this keeps it dry, and away from dust, and other things which might injure it. Then several nuts, thus protected, grow closely together, inside this green prickly covering, which spreads over them, and guards them from the animals which would eat them, and from the boys. When the chestnut gets its full growth, and is ripe, this covering you know splits open, and the nuts drop out, and then any body can get them and eat them."

14. The boys were then all satisfied that it was better that chestnuts should grow in burs.

"But why," asked one of the boys, "do not apples grow so?"

"Can any body answer that question?" asked the master.

The boy with the green satchel said, that apples had a smooth, tight skin, which kept out the wet, but he did not see how they were guarded from animals.

15. The master said it was by their taste. "They are hard and sour before they are full grown, and so the taste is not pleasant, and nobody wants to eat them,—except sometimes a few foolish boys, and these are punished by being made sick. When the apples are full grown they change their taste, acquire an agreeable flavour, and become mellow: then they

can be eaten. Can you tell me of any other fruits which are preserved in this way?"

16. One boy answered, "Strawberries and blackberries;" and another said, "Peaches and pears."

Another boy asked why the peach-stone was not outside the peach, so as to keep it from being eaten. But the master said he would explain this another time. Then he dismissed the scholars, after asking Roger to wait until the rest had gone, as he wished to see him alone.

LESSON XVI.

I WOULD I WERE A LITTLE BIRD.

1. "I WOULD I were a little bird,
To fly so far and high;
And sail along the golden clouds,
And through the azure sky
I'd be the first to see the sun
Up from the ocean spring;
And ere it touch'd the glittering spire,
His ray should gild my wing.

2. "Above the hills I'd watch him still,
Far down the crimson west;
And sing to him my evening song,
Ere yet I sought my rest.
And many a land I then should see,
As hill and plain I cross'd;
Nor fear, through all the pathless sky,
That I should e'er be lost.

3. "I'd fly where, round the olive boughs
The vine its tendrils weaves;
And shelter from the noonbeams seek,
Among the myrtle leaves.
Now, if I climb our highest hill,
How little can I see!
O, if I had but wings, mamma,
How happy should I be!"

4. "Wings cannot soar *above* the sky,
As thou in thought canst do;
Nor can the veiling clouds confine
Thy mental eye's keen view.
Not to the sun dost thou chant forth
Thy simple evening hymn;
Thou praisest Him, before whose smile
The noonday's sun grows dim.

5. "But thou mayst learn to trace the sun,
Around the earth and sky;
And see him rising, setting still,
Where distant oceans lie.
To other lands the bird may fly,
His pinion cuts the air;
Ere yet he rests his wing, thou art,
In thought, before him there.

6. "Though strong and free, his wing may droop,
Or bands restrain its flight;
Thought none may stay, more swift its speed
Than snowy beams of light.

A lovelier clime the bird may seek,
With summer go and come—
Beyond the earth awaits for thee
A bright eternal home."

JUV. MISCELLANY.

LESSON XVII.

GETTING OFFENDED.

1. "OH dear! mother," exclaimed Juliet, as she threw down her bonnet and books, on her return from school; "I do wish that Ellen Sommers did not go to our school. She got offended with me yesterday after school, just because I happened to say that I did not think her composition was so good as Mary Irving's; and so, to-day, she has not spoken a single word to me, though she always used to walk every recess with me. She has been talking about me to all the other girls, and whenever she saw me, she would make up faces, and look at me as if I had done her some great injury. But I am sure I did not mean any hurt by what I said, for I thought that Mary Irving's composition was the best that was read. But Ellen says, that what I said was as much as to imply that her own was very bad indeed; but I did not mean any such thing."

2. "Well," said her mother, as Juliet finished this long speech, almost in a single breath; "I am very glad that you have done nothing wrong yourself in the affair; for it is better for you that Ellen has

treated you unkindly, than that you should have treated her so."

"I *didn't say* that I had not done any thing wrong," said Juliet, looking down, and beginning to twist her bag-strings.

3. "I know you did not say so," replied her mother; "but then, I should have supposed that you would have told me of it, if you had been to blame in any way yourself, as well as to tell what Ellen did. It would be very disingenuous in you, to make yourself out better than she, if you were not really so."

"Why," said Juliet, "I do not know that I *did* any thing that was wrong; but I suppose I did not look very pleasant when I met her."

4. "You ought to have said, then, plainly, when telling your story," replied her mother, "that you gave *her* unpleasant looks in return for those she gave you.—Well; you gave her unpleasant looks, then; is this all you did? Didn't you speak of the matter to any of the other girls?"

"Why, yes; I told them about it, and so did Ellen. She told almost every girl in school."

5. "But that is not the thing," replied her mother; "I am talking now about what you did yourself, and not what Ellen did. It seems you hurt Ellen's feelings in the first place, though not intentionally. And now, it seems to me it would have been a great deal better for you to have made up the difficulty with her privately, than to have gone all over the school, telling the girls how she acted about it."

6. "Why, as to making up with her," said Juliet, "I do not know that I should want to, if I could,

for I am sure I never can make a friend of her any more."

"Well now, Juliet," said her mother, after there had been a pause for a minute,—"Suppose that by some magic power, I could take away instantly all the excited, unpleasant feelings you have now towards Ellen;—should you be glad to have me do it, or had you rather keep them?"

"Why, I am sure," replied Juliet, "I do not want to keep them; for I have not been so unhappy for a day since I went to school."

7. "I know you are unhappy. I know that such feelings are very unpleasant; and yet sometimes we are inclined to cling to unpleasant feelings. How was it, for example, the other day, when you felt so angry with your brother Henry? Those were very unpleasant feelings, I know; and the conversation between you was a very unpleasant one; and yet you were very unwilling to let it drop and come up stairs as I wished you to.

8. "Now, perhaps it is just so in this case. Your feelings towards Ellen are very unpleasant ones, and yet, I rather suspect, if you were to tell the honest truth, you would own that you would rather indulge these feelings,—you would rather go on talking against Ellen to me, and to the girls at school, than to have me help you get over them, and feel cordially towards Ellen again."

9. Juliet was silent for a moment; but after thinking a while, "Why, mother," said she, "I do not think I ever should like Ellen again, after seeing her show such a disposition. I do not want to be intimate with her any more."

"But you acknowledge," remarked her mother, "that you have not treated Ellen with perfect kindness, in this affair."

"Well, nor she has not treated me with kindness either," replied Juliet. "She has been doing all she possibly could to———"

10. "But, stop,—you forget," interrupted her mother, "that we are talking about what *you* have done,—not what Ellen has done. The question is what *you* are to do to get over the difficulty; for, I will suppose you wish to have it settled; and not what is Ellen's duty. It is enough for you to attend to your own. You acknowledge that you have done something wrong in the case, and now you ought to make up for this wrong, however Ellen may act about it. You say you do not care to have her for your friend any more. But this makes no difference about your duty."

11. "Do you think I ought to tell Ellen that I am sorry?" asked Juliet, thoughtfully.

"I think if you really *feel* sorry, you ought to tell her so; but perhaps you do not."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a visiter; and it was not renewed again until near the close of the next day, when her mother proposed to Ellen to take a walk with her after sunset.

12. Ellen was ready in a moment with her bonnet. It was late in the summer season, and the day had been uncomfortably warm; but now, the air had become cool and pleasant. There was just enough of a breeze to cause a rustling among the leaves of the trees and shrubs, and to bear from the surrounding

meadows and orchards, and gardens, an assemblage of pleasant odours.

13. "How I admire to walk after sunset!" exclaimed Juliet, as she surveyed the scenery about her; "every thing is so calm and quiet; I like twilight, if it is sober, as sister Mary calls it."

"You speak as if sober things were not *generally* very pleasant," replied her mother; "but, if you are like every body else, some of your pleasantest hours are sober ones. I presume you are enjoying as much now—sober and thoughtful as you look—as you were to-day when you were having such a frolic with Susan."

14. "Why, mother, you don't think it is wrong to be lively sometimes, do you?" said Juliet.

"Oh! no," replied her mother; "I do not say it is *wrong* to be lively. I do not say there was any thing wrong in your mirth to-day. But, people make a great mistake when they suppose there is enjoyment only in mirth. It is sometimes the case that persons feel very sad when they appear the most gay. People will often laugh and talk in a merry strain, when, all the time, there is something that *will* come into their minds to make them uneasy."

15. "Oh! you mean *me* now, I know," remarked Juliet.

"Mean you?" repeated her mother; "why should I mean you in particular?"

"Why," replied Juliet, hesitatingly, "I thought—I did not know but you knew that I was thinking about my difficulty with Ellen Sommers; for I have thought of it almost every minute to-day, for all I have laughed so much."

16. "I was not thinking of that," replied her mother, "though that is just such a case as I meant. Well, how is it with you and Ellen? Have you summoned up courage to apologize to her yet?"

17. "No, mother," replied Juliet; "though I resolved I would, a great many times; and I really wanted to; but I knew exactly how Ellen would act if I were to ask her pardon, or tell her I was sorry. I know she would go and tell all the girls, and laugh about me."

18. "You forget again," replied her mother, "that you have nothing to do with Ellen's conduct. You must do what you know is your duty, let *her* do as she will. Perhaps Ellen would exult over you; I cannot say that she will not, though I hardly think she will. I think it more likely that she will feel kindly towards you, if you feel and express kindness towards her. But, even if you should know beforehand that she would triumph over you for your confession, and act as if only *you* had been in the wrong, still you ought to do what is right. I know it would be rather trying to the feelings, but when people have done wrong, they must expect to suffer for it."

19. "Well, mother," said Juliet, after thinking a moment, "I think I will write a note to Ellen, and put it in her desk before school to-morrow. I had rather do that than to talk to her about it; and will you show me about writing it?"

20. "I think you can write it yourself very well," replied her mother. "You know what you would say if you were going to speak with her on the subject. At any rate, you can write the note and

show it to me, and I will tell you if there is any thing that is improper in it."

21. On her return from her walk, Juliet took from her desk a neat piece of note paper, tried her pens until she found a very good one, and then wrote in a neat, careful hand, as follows:

DEAR ELLEN:—

I am very sorry indeed for the difficulty there has been between us for a day or two past. I really did not mean to hurt your feelings when I spoke about your composition, though mother says I was injudicious to speak so. I am very sorry that I have talked about the affair to the other girls, and that I have looked so unkindly at you when we have met.

Will you forgive me, and be my friend again? I wish you would write me a note, or come and talk with me during the recess.

Affectionately,

JULIET.

22. Juliet showed her mother the note, who thought it would do to send just as it was; so the next morning she put it into Ellen's desk.

Before the close of the recess, one of the girls brought Juliet an answer from Ellen, as follows:

MY DEAR JULIET:—

I shall be very glad indeed to have our difficulty all made up. It was very silly in me to get offended for such a little thing; and I do not think you were to blame at all. You have not been half so unkind to me as I have been to you; but I ask your pardon,

and I shall be very glad if we two can be friends again. Your affectionate friend,

ELLEN.

23. At the close of school, Juliet and Ellen were seen talking pleasantly with each other, and they finally walked home together. They talked about other things, so that before they had reached home they had quite forgotten there had been any trouble between them.

"Well," said Juliet's mother, when she had told her the result, "you will know in future how to manage such a difficulty, when you are so unfortunate as to be brought into one. You must be careful in the first place to avoid such trouble. Never be in haste to express your opinion where there is the least danger of giving offence; and where offence is taken, treat the individual kindly, instead of seeking revenge."

LESSON XVIII.

TARDINESS.

1. "My duty to this school," said a teacher to his pupils, "demands, as I suppose you all admit, that I should require you all to be here punctually at the time appointed for the commencement of the school. I have done nothing on this subject yet, for I wished to see whether you would not come early, on principle. I wish now, however,

to inquire in regard to this subject, and to ascertain how many have been tardy, and to consider what must be done hereafter."

2. He made the inquiries, and ascertained pretty nearly how many had been tardy, and how often within a week.

The number was found to be so great, that the scholars admitted that something ought to be done.

"What shall I do?" asked he. "Can any one propose a plan which will remedy the difficulty?"

There was no answer.

3. The easiest and pleasantest way to secure punctuality, is for the scholars to come early of their own accord, upon principle. It is evident from the reports, that many of you do so; but some do not. Now there is no other plan which will not be attended with very serious difficulty; but I am willing to adopt the one which will be pleasantest to yourselves, if it will be likely to accomplish the object. Has any one any plan to propose?"

4. There was a pause.

"It would evidently," continued the teacher, "be the easiest for me, to leave this subject, and do nothing about it. It is of no personal consequence to me whether you come early or not; but as long as I hold this office, I must be faithful; and I have no doubt the school committee, if they knew how many of you were tardy, would think I ought to do something to diminish the evil.

"The best plan I can think of, is, that all who are tardy should lose their recess."

5. The boys looked rather anxiously at one another, but continued silent.

"There is great objection to this plan from the fact that a boy is sometimes necessarily absent; and by this rule he will lose his recess with the rest, so that the innocent will be punished with the guilty."

"I should think, sir," said William, "that those who are *necessarily* tardy, might be excused."

6. "Yes, I should be very glad to excuse them, if I could find out who they are."

The boys seemed to be surprised at this remark, as if they thought it would not be a difficult matter to decide.

"How can I tell?" asked the master.

"You can hear their excuses, and then decide."

"Yes," said the teacher; "but here are fifteen or twenty boys tardy this morning; now how long would it take me to hear their excuses, and understand each case thoroughly, so that I could really tell whether they were tardy from good reasons or not? Should you not think it would take a minute a piece?"

7. "Yes, sir."

"It would, undoubtedly, and even then I could not in many cases tell. It would take fifteen minutes at least. I cannot do this in school-hours, for I have not time; and if I do it in recess, it will consume the whole of every recess. Now I need the respite of a recess, as well as you; and it does not seem to me to be just, that I should lose the whole of mine, every day, and spend it in a most unpleasant business, when I take pains, myself, to come punctually every morning. Would it be just?"

8. "No, sir."

"I think," continued the teacher," it would be less unjust to deprive all of their recess who are tardy;

for then the loss of a recess by a boy who had not been to blame, would not be very common, and the evil would be divided among the whole; but in the plan of my hearing the excuses, it would all come upon one."

After a short pause, one of the boys said that they might be required to bring written excuses.

9. "Yes, that is another plan," said the teacher; "but there are objections to it. Can any of you think what they are? I suppose you have all been, either at this school or at some other, required to bring written excuses, so that you have seen the plan tried; now have you never noticed any objection to it?"

10. One boy said, that it gave the parents a great deal of trouble at home.

"Yes," said the teacher, "this is a great objection; it is often very inconvenient to write. But that is not the greatest difficulty; can any of you think of any other?"

There was a pause.

11. "Do you think that these written excuses are, after all, a fair test of the real reasons for tardiness? I understand that sometimes boys will tease their fathers or mothers for an excuse, when they do not deserve it; 'Yes, sir;' and sometimes they will loiter about when sent on an errand before school, knowing that they can get a written excuse, when they might easily have been punctual."

12. "Yes, sir; Yes, sir;" said the boys.

"Well, now, if we adopt this plan, some unprincipled boy would always contrive to have an excuse, whether necessarily tardy or not; and, besides, each parent would have a different principle and a different

opinion as to what was a reasonable excuse; so that there would be no uniformity, and consequently no justice, in the operation of the system."

13. The boys admitted the truth of this; and as no other plan was presented, the rule was adopted of requiring all those who were tardy, to remain in their seats during the recess, whether they were necessarily tardy or not. The plan very soon diminished the number of loiterers.

LESSON XIX.

A SAD SCENE.

1. One evening, in the latter part of January, a widowed mother was alone in her sitting-room. Her only daughter had retired about two hours before; for both she and her mother were very tired with their day's work; for they were obliged to work, to *work hard*, to support themselves; while Samuel, a profligate son and brother, spent all his own earnings in buying rum and cigars, and often resorted to the most shameful means, to obtain the hard earnings of his mother, that he might, with them also, gratify his appetite.

2. It was eleven o'clock at night, and the mother was waiting for Samuel to come home. She sat in a rocking-chair before the fire, with a candle on the light-stand by her side. The cat lay at her feet, occasionally moving nearer to the fire, as it gradually burned away. The wind whistled in a shrill tone through the key-hole, and roared gruffly down

the chimney. The windows rattled, and a smart ticking was heard on the glass, as of snow driven violently by the wind.

3. She sat thinking of her own hard lot. "All," she thought to herself, "all the fault of Samuel. Why is it so? I watched over him when he was young; I nursed him when he was sick; I took pains to amuse him when he was in health. We sent him to school, that he might be instructed; we taught him about God and his duty, that he might be happy. We did all that our circumstances would allow, to make him comfortable, respected, and happy, in this life; and to lead him to the knowledge of God, that he might serve him, and so be really happy, both here and hereafter.

4. "And how has he repaid us? If he would only do his duty, how happy might we all be! But he will not; he destroys my peace and comfort, and there is no happiness before me, so long as he lives. I do love my son, I know; but he ought not to murder my happiness in this way. But hark! is he not coming?———Oh, no, it is a board shaken in the wind. I wish he would come, for I am very tired. To-morrow morning I will talk to him again, and see if I cannot persuade him to come home earlier. I will tell him how tired and exhausted I get with my work, and perhaps he will hear me."

5. She thought she heard a distant voice; she listened a moment, and the sound of a man singing in a coarse, vulgar strain, came distinctly to the ear. It approached the house, and grew louder every moment; she recognised Samuel's voice; and as he

passed the windows to the door, she heard him singing in a drunken, jolly tone.

6. "Oh yes! there is Samuel," said she, with a long and deep sigh. She rose to meet him. At the same time, Samuel opened the front door, and was stamping the snow from off his feet; the wind forced open the door of the sitting-room, and a gust of snow was driven across the entry to the further corner of the room. The candle flared and flickered, as the wind hastened, with a roaring sound, up the chimney. An unsteady wavering light was shed over the room, and the sad mother dimly saw her son, leaning in the corner of the entry, with a bottle in his hand. She hastened to shut the door; and then, while Samuel supported himself in the corner, brushed the snow from his feet and back, for he had evidently fallen, in his walk home.

7. "Now lean on me, Samuel," she said, with a sigh, "and I will help you up stairs."

The heavy and drunken son leaned upon his wearied mother; and she exerted all her strength to support her staggering son, as he reeled across the floor.

"How slippery this floor is, mother; I wish you would keep the snow off of it. There is so much snow on it, I can hardly walk straight. It seems to me that the house never is in order these days."

8. They passed into the kitchen; and from that room, began to ascend a flight of stairs, which led to the attic. They had ascended a few steps, when, in spite of the efforts of his mother, Samuel staggered back against her, and fell heavily upon the floor.

He was bewildered by the fall; and lay for a few moments, in silence, at the feet of his mother; who stood over him, gazing steadily and thoughtfully at her fallen son.

Presently, Samuel raised his head and looked around him, in a slow, bewildered manner.

"Well, well, I have broken my bottle; what shall I do now? But what is the matter, mother? Did I fall on you?"

9. "No, my son; you did not hurt me."

"Oh well, I am glad of that; but what are you wiping your eyes for? I thought you were crying."

Lucy had heard her brother fall; she hastily dressed, and came to render her mother what assistance she could. Not a word was spoken by either; but they assisted Samuel to rise, and led him up to his bed. He soon was in a sound sleep, and they returned with a sad heart, to their own room. They buried their faces in their pillows, and, in silence, wept.

LESSON XX.

THE PEACH AND THE POCKET-PIECE; OR, TRUE AND FALSE REPENTANCE.

1. It was a pleasant Sunday morning, and the number of sabbath-school scholars assembled in the vestry was rather larger than usual. After the prayer had been made and the hymn sung, the superintendent told the scholars that he hoped they would be

very attentive, while a gentleman from a neighbouring school addressed them.

2. The gentleman then rose, and, after making a few remarks showing the difference between *true and false repentance*, told the following story, in order to illustrate the difference he had pointed out. I will try to repeat it, as nearly as I can, in his own words.

3. Some time ago I paid a visit to a friend in the country, whom I had not seen for several years. I arrived at his house late in the evening, and was cordially welcomed by my friend and his family. He had two sons, both intelligent-looking boys, but it was so late that I had little opportunity to converse with them, or to notice particularly their characters.

4. The next morning, I rose very early, and being unwilling to disturb the family, I walked out into the garden. It was a delightful morning, and I could not look upon the scene before me without feeling forcibly the presence and the goodness of God. As I was thus meditating, I heard some one approaching very cautiously; and, looking around, I saw Charles, the oldest of my friend's two sons.

5. The path in which he was walking was separated from the one in which I was, by a few trees and shrubs, so that he did not observe me; he looked around him at every step, and started at every noise, and was so evidently about some mischief, that I stopped to notice him. He paused under a peach-tree, upon which were hanging two very fine peaches. Here he again looked around him to see if any body was near; and then, with a guilty look and a trembling

hand, he picked one of the peaches and devoured it as quickly as possible. He then turned to go away; but after he had once tasted the fruit, the other peach looked too tempting to him to be relinquished, and he returned and took that also, and then hurried away.

6. At breakfast, I noticed him particularly, but I saw no signs of guilt or repentance upon his face. He seemed to eat with his usual appetite, and talk with his usual spirits; and I could only conclude that so long as he escaped detection, he was not sorry for the fault.

7. The next morning I was again in the garden at an early hour, and in passing through the same path in which I had walked the previous morning, I saw my friend at the peach-tree. I was just going to join him, when he stooped, and took from the ground a little silver pocket-piece. He examined it carefully and then read aloud the name, *Charles*, which I suppose was cut upon it. I shall never forget his look when he found that his own son was the author of the loss he had been lamenting. I turned away, for I would not intrude upon him at that moment.

8. At breakfast my friend said to his wife with his usual tone and manner, "I have been to look at my peach-tree this morning"—(I looked at Charles, but could see no change in his manner excepting that he was eating very fast;—his father continued,) "and I find that my two peaches have been stolen."

"What a pity!" exclaimed James; but Charles said nothing.

9. "I found this piece of silver at the foot of the tree," said my friend, taking it from his pocket; "Charles, I believe it belongs to you."

Charles now saw that he was discovered, and he burst into tears, and with many expressions of repentance and promises of amendment, begged his father not to punish him. His sorrow was evidently occasioned not by the fault, but by the detection.

10. A few days after, we all noticed that James, the younger son, looked very uneasy: he ate little, and he did not engage in his sports with his usual interest. At length he came to his father and said, "Father, I have done something wrong; I am very sorry for it, and I want to tell you what it was" This, thought I, is *true repentance.*

LESSON XXI.

CHILDREN DOING GOOD.

1. A LITTLE girl in one of the largest and pleasantest towns in New England, once proposed to her pastor, that the children of his congregation should form themselves into a Juvenile Tract Society. The minister approved the plan, and the next Sabbath he invited all the children between certain ages to meet at his study on the next Saturday afternoon; which they did, and he assisted them to form the Society.

2. Their tax was to be a shilling annually: and the tracts which they received they were first to read themselves, and then to lend or give to others. After two or three years, however, the monthly tract distribution having gone into operation in this parish, it was thought best to relinquish tracts, and do something else with their money. But let us look in for

moment upon a meeting of the Society, and listen to their deliberations.

3. Imagine a room filled with little girls, all animated and happy. The centre of the room is occupied by a table, upon which are placed paper, pens, and ink. The hour for opening the meeting arrives, and all kneeling, unite with their pastor in a short prayer. After the officers for the year are chosen, the question arises, "What shall be done with our money?"

"I should like to give it to the Foreign Missionary Society," says one. "I should prefer having a heathen child educated," says a second. Some objections are made to both these plans, and after some farther consultation, the president of the Society addressed them as follows:

4. "There are many Sabbath schools, even in New England, which are almost entirely destitute of a library. I know of some where a book larger than a tract is scarcely to be found. A friend of mine told me of one where the foundation of a library was laid a few years ago, by stitching together several little tracts of four or five pages each, and covering them with strong brown paper; and that the people had manifested great eagerness to read these. Now, why would it not be a good plan, if we could find some such school, to send it a donation of a little library?"

5. This plan seemed to strike all favourably, and committees were chosen to carry it into effect. One was to collect the money; another to select books, which were to be examined, however, by the pastor, before they were sent; and the third was to prepare

a letter. This business was accordingly attended to. The money was collected, the books were purchased, and the letter was written; and it was decided that their pastor should take the donation with him on a contemplated journey, and find by inquiry a suitable school to receive it. It may interest the reader to see a copy of the letter. Here it is.

6. "As our Pastor is about making a journey into the interior, we have availed ourselves of the opportunity to supply some destitute Sabbath school with a small library; and we hope that the present, however small, will be both acceptable and useful. Heretofore we have purchased *Tracts* and *Testaments* for ourselves, with our money; but, being amply supplied with both, we have concluded to devote it to this object; and, hoping that the school on which our Pastor shall bestow this library, may receive lasting benefit from the perusal of these books, we close by subscribing ourselves,

The Juvenile Tract Society of ——— ———"

7. The scene of our narrative now changes. We must leave the rich and populous village, and go in imagination to a secluded region, on a distant frontier, surrounded by wild mountains and forests, among which the hardy settlers cultivate their scattered farms.

8. It was Sabbath afternoon. A large covered wagon drawn by two horses, drove up to the door of the superintendent's farm-house, to take him and his family to the distant Sunday school. The party were soon seated, and rode first through an open

field, and then came upon a rough road, which led them through tangled woods and wild valleys, to the remote district where the school was established. They crossed rough log bridges; and in some places deep mire; and, in others, rocks and stumps obstructed their way.

9. At length a secluded school-house came in sight. Behind it was a range of lofty hills, in some places bare and rugged, in others, clothed with vegetation to the top. Directly in front was a narrow cultivated field, and beyond that a dense native forest. The school-house itself stood on the bank of a ravine, through which a mountain torrent finds its way at certain seasons of the year. It was a small house, rough in its external appearance, and still more so within.

10. Several small groups of men and boys were standing around the house, and some little bustle was produced among them by the arrival of the superintendent and his party. As they entered the building they found the room well filled with the pupils and teachers of the school, and others who had assembled to witness the exercises. There were thirty or forty scholars, collected from the families of the settlers, who were scattered among the hills for many miles around. They, with their teachers, occupied the body of the school-house, while the parents and friends, who made the whole number present sixty or seventy, took the other seats.

11. Poverty was evidently in the homes of many of the children; some were barefoot, others had come a long way with nothing but handkerchiefs over their heads. All, however, looked clean,

healthy, intelligent, and what was better still, seemed thirsting for instruction in the way of life. The Sabbath school was their only opportunity for receiving it.

12. The school opened with prayer, and the scholars began their recitations from the Bible. The room was now still, except the low, murmuring sounds, that rose from the little groups that surrounded their several teachers. The person, whose office it was to distribute books, then stepped lightly up to the desk of the superintendent, and taking from it a bundle of old tracts and tattered books, their only library, offered one to each of the visiters.

13. The worn and soiled collection was afterwards carried round to the classes, and each pupil had an opportunity to take one; and from the air of satisfaction and pleasure, and sometimes eagerness, with which it was done, it was evident that access to this library, rude as it was, was a valued privilege.

14. The superintendent then asked a few questions on the lesson of the preceding Sabbath. They were answered with hesitation and reluctance. It might have been doubtful whether this proceeded from ignorance or fear, till a mother, who had listened with eager interest to all that had passed, rose and said, earnestly, "Sir, I am sure *our* children remember what you said. They are bashful. They don't care to speak, but they have talked about it at home several times."

15. After an hour spent as usual in the exercises of the school, the signal was given for bringing them to a close. The superintendent then rose, and opening a little package of books, which were lying on

the desk before him, he made a statement, somewhat as follows:

16. "I have some business to bring before the school, before it is closed. In a town, several hundred miles from this place, some children who had formed themselves into a Tract Society, have contributed a sum of money, which they have expended in purchasing eighteen bound volumes, of sabbath school books, for the purpose of presenting them to some newly established sabbath school. They were sent by their pastor, who has been journeying in this vicinity, and who is now present, and after some inquiry he has concluded to offer them to this school."

17. The expression of eager interest which animated all the countenances present, showed how the gift was valued. The superintendent then said, that, as he had supposed an expression of thanks would be proper, he had prepared a letter, which he would read to the school, to see if it met their approbation. The letter was read, and adopted with an eagerness of manner which showed how sincere was their gratitude. All were anxious to get one of the interesting volumes, but as there were not enough to supply each scholar, the books were distributed in the different families.

18. At last a hymn was sung, and the school was closed. You might, however, have seen the children, as they were returning to their homes, walking along in little groups, earnestly examining their new treasures. And probably, during the long evenings of the coming winter, many a farmer's fireside will be cheered by the influence of these volumes. And it

is not too much to hope that some will be guided by them to purer joys, and a more happy home than earth can afford.

LESSON XXII.

MARKS OF A BAD SCHOLAR.

1. Just when she should be ready to take her seat at school, she commences preparation for leaving home. To the extreme annoyance of those about her, all is now hurry, and bustle, and ill humour. Thorough search is to be made for every book or paper, for which she has occasion; some are found in one place, some in another, and others are forgotten altogether. Being finally equipped, she casts her eye at the clock, hopes to be in tolerably good season, (notwithstanding the hour for opening the school has already arrived,) and sets out, in the most violent hurry.

2. After so much haste, she is unfitted for attending properly to the duties of the school, until a considerable time after her arrival. If present at the devotional exercises, she finds it difficult to command her attention, even when desirous of so doing, and her deportment at this hour, is accordingly marked with an unbecoming listlessness and abstraction.

3. When called to recitations, she recollects that some task was assigned, which till that moment she had forgotten; of others she had mistaken the extent, most commonly thinking them to be shorter than her companions suppose. In her answers to questions

with which she should be familiar, she always manifests more or less of hesitation, and what she ventures to express, is very commonly in the form of a question. In these, as in all her other exercises, there is an inattention to general instructions.

4. Unless what is said be addressed particularly to herself, her eyes are directed towards another part of the room; it may be, her thoughts are employed about something not at all connected with the school. If reproved by her teacher, for negligence in any respect, she is generally provided with an abundance of excuses; and however mild the reproof, she receives it as a piece of extreme severity.

5. In all her deportment, there is an air of carelessness, and a want of interest in those exercises which should engage her attention. At her seat, she most commonly sits in some indolent posture;—either with her elbows upon her desk, her head leaning upon her hands, or with her seat tipped forwards or backwards. When she has occasion to leave her seat, she moves with a sauntering, lingering gait;—perhaps some trick is contrived on the way, for exciting the mirth of her companions.

6. About every thing in which it is possible to be so, she is untidy. Her books are carelessly used, and placed in her desk without order. If she has a piece of waste paper to dispose of, she finds it much more convenient to tear it into small pieces, and scatter it about her desk, than to put it in a proper place. Her hands and clothes are usually covered with ink. Her written exercises are blotted, and full of mistakes.

LESSON XXIII.

THE FROST.

1. The Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they."

2. Then he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dress'd
In diamond beads—and over the breast
Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail, that need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

3. He went to the window of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepp'd,
By the light of the morn were seen
Most beautiful things, there were flowers and trees;
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities with temples and towers and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

4. But he did one thing, that was hardly fair;
He peep'd in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
"Now just to set them a-thinking
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I'm drinking!"

H. F. GOULD.

LESSON XXIV.

TEMPTATION.

1. Do you know what temptation is? I will tell you. Suppose you go to school some morning, determining to do your duty there faithfully, and your playmate, sitting in the next seat, should watch a moment when the teacher was engaged with his back towards you, and reach out his hand to give you some nuts, which he had brought to school.

2. He knows that it is wrong for him to offer them, and you know that it would be wrong for you to receive them at such a time. Still it is very hard for you to refuse them, and to go on attending to your studies just as if nothing happened. It would be very hard indeed; not so much because you would want the nuts, as because it would be very unpleasant for you to be apparently so uncivil and ungrateful as to take no notice of your playmate's kind offer.

3. So far as you are concerned, it would really be a kind offer; but so far as his duties to the school

are concerned, it would be wrong. You would be strongly tempted in such a case, to receive them, though the receiving of them would be plainly wrong. It would be a violation of your duty to the school; for you ought to perform your part just as faithfully when the teacher is not looking at you, as when he is.

4. You see thus, that the strength of temptation to do wrong depends a great deal upon circumstances. You may be generally desirous of doing your duty, and yet peculiar circumstances may occur which will make it very hard for you to do it. In fact, they may be so varied and so peculiar as to increase the temptation very much indeed.

5. For instance, in the case already mentioned, of the boy handing you the nuts: suppose, that just as his hand is reached out to you, you should perceive that the master is turning round, and will see him unless you take the nuts quickly. Here is a new circumstance, and it makes the temptation much greater than it was before. The boy knows perhaps that you have often taken nuts in school from him, in such a way: he does not know of your resolution to perform all your duties faithfully, and of your determination to do nothing which will displease God; so he holds out the nuts, and seems very impatient for you to take them; and you see by a glance that unless you do take them quickly, he will be seen, and perhaps punished,—punished too for his kindness to you.

6. It would be very hard for you to do your duty in such a case, when you might save him all the consequences by doing what, after all, would seem not to be very wrong; for most boys would

think it would not really be very wrong to take the nuts in such a case.

7. That would be a very strong temptation; but still the boy who was determined to do just right, would resist it. He would firmly do his duty, let the consequences be what they would. His friend might perhaps be detected, and punished by having all his nuts taken away, or by being kept at his seat during recess, and then after school, perhaps, the following dialogue would take place.

8. "Why did not you take those nuts I offered you, John? Could not you see I was reaching them out to you?"

"Yes, I saw;—but I did not take them, because I thought it would be wrong."

"Wrong! what do you mean by that? what a fool you are!"

9. "You may call me a fool, if you think best; but I am not going to do such things in school any more. I am going to do, as nearly as I can, what is right, whether the master is looking or not. I am very sorry you lost your nuts, for it was very kind in you to offer them to me; and to prove that I am sorry, I am going to bring you, to-morrow, twice as many as you lost."

10. Now if a boy should really take that course, his influence and example would be very powerful in leading the other boys to do right. If he was a boy of a noble and generous spirit in other things, he would be the more respected for his firmness here; and in the end it would be pleasanter and happier for all, that he did his duty. So it always is with temptation to sin. It is hard to resist it at the time,

but it is far better, far nobler, to do what is right, however painful it may be; and in the end it will be far happier for all concerned.

LESSON XXV.

THE SICK MOTHER.

1. This story is to tell what James and Lucy Stone did, when their mother was sick. Their parents had taught them faithfully about God: they led them to see that he is a good Being, and that they ought to love and obey him. James and Lucy felt that what their parents said was true, and they had resolved that they would serve God.

2. It was their custom to read a portion of the Bible every day; and they read it, not as a task which they were afraid to neglect; but they read it from a sincere desire to know more about God's character, and what he would have them do. It was their custom, too, every morning and evening, to pray to God; and they felt this to be a privilege, as well as a *duty*. They loved to ask God to take care of them by night and by day, and to bless them and keep them in all that they did.

3. One morning they went down into the parlour, and, to their surprise, found no one there. Lucy, thinking that her parents had overslept themselves, ran up stairs to their room to wake them. She knocked at the door; her father opened it, and told her that her mother had a bad head-ache, and would not be down to breakfast. Lucy went to the bed-

side and asked her mother about her sickness; and then, quietly leaving the room, ran down stairs to do what she could for the comfort of all the family. She told James what the matter was, and they both began to think of what they could do to make themselves useful.

4. Lucy obtained leave of the servant girl, to try to set the table, and prepare the parlour for breakfast; and while she was engaged in this, James took the three youngest children into the parlour, and kept them still. He told them that their mother was sick, and that they must not make a noise, for fear they might make some disturbance. He took pains to amuse them in a quiet way. He took the two youngest down upon the floor, on one side of the fire-place, that they might be out of Lucy's way between the fire-place and the sofa; then he got their little wooden blocks for them, and set them at work building houses.

5. He called the next oldest to him to the sofa, and said to her:

"Jane, mother is sick this morning."

"I want to see mother," said Jane.

"But she is sick; when people are sick, does not God want other people to take care of them?"

"I——don't—know,—does he?"

"Yes; when any of us are sick, all the rest must take care of them; and when people are sick, they do not like to have any noise; it makes them worse. Must we make a noise when mother is sick?"

6. "But I want to play."

"But when mother is sick, must not we be very still?"

"Yes; because she is sick."

"If we make a noise, she will be more sick; but if we are quiet, perhaps she will get well."

7. "It is cold up stairs; and I am going to get some wood,—to make a fire for mother; do you want to go with me, Jane, and so help me take care of her?"

"Yes, I want to take care of mother."

8. James then went into the shed, and giving a basket to Jane, told her she might fill it with chips and splinters. While she was doing this, James split up some pine and oak wood, and carrying it up stairs, laid it softly in a box that was in the entry, by the chamber door. Then he took the basket of chips, and, putting it by the box, went with Jane into the parlour. Lucy had arranged every thing in its proper place, and put every thing in order for breakfast; and then the bell was rung for prayers.

9. As Mrs. Stone was not very sick, it was unnecessary for any one to sit with her, during prayers, and all the family, except herself, came into the room. Mr. Stone read from the Bible; all then kneeled down, and he prayed for all the family—for the children, and for their sick mother. He prayed that she might be made well, if God was willing.

10. They ate their breakfast, and then went cheerfully about the duties of the day. James and Lucy were happy, for they felt that they and their mother were in the hands of God; and that he would not forsake them, but would do what he thought was for their good.

11. They asked their father if it was necessary for them to stay at home from school. He told them it

was not, and they went cheerfully to school, knowing that they ought to attend to their own improvement, as much as they could, even while their mother was sick.

12. It happened that day, that the boys had just got a foot-ball,—the first one they had had that fall. As soon as school was dismissed at noon, the boys hurried into the entry, where they began to crowd and push, each one snatching up his hat, and trying to get the foot-ball.

13. "Ha, ha, I've got it," said one of the boys, crowding out of the entry; and, in a moment, the hollow sound of the ball was heard, as he gave it a kick; away it went, and half a dozen boys after it. James sprang after it with the rest, but in a moment he remembered that his mother was sick, and that he might be needed at home.

14. He loved to play as well as any boy; but he knew, too, that he ought to be willing to give up his amusements, or any thing else, to attend to his mother. So he left the foot-ball, and ran on to overtake his sister, who, by this time, was half way home. As they turned round the corner of the street, they looked towards home, and saw the doctor's horse at the gate. This alarmed them, and they ran on with a quick step.

15. At the door they met their father, who told them that their mother was worse, but that the doctor had just come, and he should know more about it soon. "But do not be frightened," said he, "God knows what is the matter with her, and he is able to take care of her. Let us then submit to his will, cheerfully. We will do all we can to restore her to

health; we will pray to God to bless the means we use, and leave her in his hands."

16. As soon as they had opportunity, James and Lucy went separately to their rooms, and, in private, made known to God their wants and their sorrow. They prayed for the Holy Spirit to make their hearts right, that they might feel that whatever came upon them was ordered by God—that they might be submissive to his will, whatever he saw fit to do,—that they might be diligent, industrious, and cheerful, in doing all they could to assist others. They prayed earnestly that their mother might not die, but be speedily restored to health; but, especially that they might feel willing God should do with her and them, whatever he saw was best.

17. When they left their rooms, they went again to their work. James filled the wood-box again with wood; Lucy assisted about the dinner; and when they had nothing else to do they would attend to the younger children and keep them quiet.

18. At dinner their father said, "Your mother is threatened with a fever, and will probably be sick a fortnight or three weeks. If I thought she would get well in a few days, I would let you attend upon her every day; but as she may be sick so long, it will weary you so much that I think it best you should not attempt it. I should like to have you stay at home this afternoon; but to-morrow you had better return again to school."

19. "Lucy," said Mr. Stone, "we shall want you in the chamber to attend to your mother, and to keep the children quiet. And, James, I want you to take a ride, about five miles; I wish you to go for

a nurse. You may go either on horseback or in the chaise; I think you had better take the chaise, however, for there is a very cold wind, and perhaps the nurse can come back with you."

20. After Lucy had done all that was necessary below, she went to her mother's room; she moved softly about upon the carpet, picking up every thing that had fallen upon the floor, setting all the chairs in order, wiping down the tables which had become wet, and setting all the medicine bottles in a row, that there might be more room; all the bowls, and spoons, and tumblers, which had been used, she washed, that they might be ready for use again. A pleasant fire was kept burning; and the room looked so neat and cheerful that one would almost have wished to be sick, for the sake of having every thing so pleasant.

21. Her mother lay down in bed, with her face towards the wall. She was hot and thirsty; the heated blood rushing through her veins, and a violent, throbbing pain darting through her temples. Weary with lying on one side, she turned over and over again. At length, she opened her heavy and inflamed eyes, and looked around the room. Lucy, hearing her mother move, went to her bed-side.

22. "Lucy," said her mother in a low voice, "you have put my room in fine order; I like to see it so neat."

"I am sorry you are sick, mother," said Lucy.

"God has sent this sickness," replied her mother, "and we must submit to his will. My head aches very much, and it is hard for me to bear it; but I must not complain. I may ask God to relieve me, if

he sees it to be best; but if not, I must patiently suffer all that he sends upon me."

23. "I hope you will get well soon."

"I hope so, but we are all in the hands of God, and we must be willing to have him do with us as he sees fit. We may pray for the things we want: but we must say, as our Saviour did, 'Nevertheless, not my will but thine be done.' God may, by this sickness, take me from the world; or he may allow me to live a long time here."

24. Lucy's heart was rising with sorrow; she turned from her mother's bed, and sat in the rocking chair by the fire. She thought of God, and prayed to him for her suffering, sick mother; and feeling that he was her Father and Friend, she went about her duties more calmly; though she was still sorrowful, for she feared that her mother would be taken away from her.

25. It was late in the evening when James returned, bringing the nurse with him. He had a very cold ride, and suffered much; but he bore it all patiently. When he went into the parlour, he was hungry, cold, and tired, and wished he had nothing to do but to sit on the sofa with the family, all the evening; but he recollected his sick mother and that he must do his utmost for her.

26. So, after he had warmed his hands, he went actively to work, attending to all the things out of doors, and preparing, for his mother's room, wood enough to last through the night. In the latter part of the evening, all the family went quietly into their mother's room. Mr. Stone read a portion of the Bible, and offered up a short prayer asking God to

be merciful to them all, and to assist and comfort them in this time of sickness. James and Lucy joined sincerely in the prayer, and when they went to bed they each prayed in secret, for their sick mother, and for themselves.

27. It was several weeks before Mrs. Stone had entirely recovered from her sickness: and for nearly a fortnight James and Lucy were confined at home, all the time, out of school hours, assisting to keep things in order, and to have every thing that their mother might want in perfect readiness. They might easily have stayed away, if they had chosen; they might have played at school, after it was done, and come home late; they might have been troublesome about the house; seeking to amuse themselves, and leaving their father, the doctor, and the nurse, to take care of their sick mother. This is what many children would have done; but James and Lucy knew better what their duty was. They loved their heavenly Father, and their parents, and desired to please them. This was the reason they were so faithful in doing their duty.

28. So it should be with you. Whenever any of the family are sick, you should be faithful and industrious in assisting them, and patient in suffering all the confinement, inconvenience, and trouble of sickness; remembering that God knows it all, and has directed it all to take place as it has.

LESSON XXVI.

BE KIND TO YOUR SISTER.

1. One morning, there was a little girl sitting on the door-steps of a pleasant cottage near the common. She was thin and pale. Her head was resting upon her slender hand. There was a touching sadness in her sweet face, which the dull, heavy expression about her jet-black eyes, did not destroy. What was she thinking of, sitting thus alone?

2. Perhaps of that pretty flower-garden, which she had cultivated with so much taste and care;—those blue morning-glories, and bright yellow nasturtions, which she had taught to climb to her window;—or those four-o'clocks, which she had planted in so straight a line, under the little fence which encircled the flower-bed. She might have been thinking of these;—perhaps wondering whether she should see these flowers, which she had been cultivating with so much care, open their pretty leaves to another summer's sun.

3. Her name was Helen. For several weeks she had seemed to be drooping, without any particular disease; inconstant in her attendance at school, and losing gradually her interests in all her former employments. 'Helen had one sister, Clara, a little older than herself, and several brothers. While she was most indisposed they had expressed a great deal of sympathy, and tried to amuse her, and had willingly given up their own enjoyments, to promote hers.

4. But children will too often be selfish; and

when Helen, for some days, appeared better and able to run about and amuse herself, they would forget how peculiarly sensitive she had become, and the cross words which they occasionally spoke, and the neglect with which they sometimes treated her, wounded her feelings, and caused her to shed many bitter tears, as she lay awake on her little cot at night.

5. This day she seemed better, and it was something her sister had said to her just before, which gave that expression of sadness to her face, as she sat at the door of the cottage. Clara soon came to her again.

"Helen, mother says you must go to school to-day; so get up, come along and get ready, and not be moping there any longer."

"Did mamma say so?" inquired Helen.

"Yes, she did. You are well enough I know, for you always say you are sick, at school-time. Get your bonnet, for I shan't wait."

6. Helen got up slowly, and wiping with her apron the tear which had started in her eye, she made her preparations to obey her mother's command. Now Clara had a very irritable disposition. She could not bear to have Helen receive any more attention or sympathy than herself; and unless she were really so sick as to *excite her fears*, she never would allow her to be sick at all. She was determined not to go to school alone this morning, and had persuaded her mother to make her sister go with her.

7. In a few moments, they were both ready: but now a difficulty presented itself. The distance to school was so great, that they seldom returned at

noon. Their dinner had been packed for them, in a large basket which stood in the entry. Upon whom, now, should the task of carrying this devolve?

"Helen," said Clara, "I've carried the basket every day for a week; it's your turn now."

"But it is twice as heavy now, Clara. I can but just lift it."

8. "Well," answered Clara, "I don't care. I have got my Geography and Atlas to carry; so take it up, and come along, Miss Fudge. I shan't touch it."

Helen took up the basket, without saying another word, though it required all her little strength, and walked slowly behind her sister. She tried hard to keep from crying, but the tears would come, as fast as she wiped them off. They walked on thus in silence for about a quarter of an hour.

9. Clara felt too much ill-humour to take the least notice of her sister. She knew she had done wrong, and felt uneasy, but was yet too proud to give up, and was determined to "hold out;" excusing herself by thinking,—"Well, Helen is always saying she is sick, and making a great fuss. It's just good enough for her." When she had reached the half-way stone, she had half a mind not to let her rest there, as usual; but the habit was too strong, to be easily broken, and she sat down sullenly to wait for Helen to come up.

10. This was a spot, which few could have passed unnoticed. The broad flat stone was shaded by a beautiful weeping willow, whose branches hung so low, that even little Maria could reach them by standing on tiptoe;—and around the trunk of this tree, ran a little brook, which came up just to this

rustic seat, and then turned off, into the next meadow. It would seem as if the beauty of this place must have charmed away the evil spirit, which was raging in Clara's breast;—but no! the cool shade brought no refreshment to those evil passions, and the little ripples which sparkled in the sunbeam, did not, for one moment, divert her attention from her own cross feelings.

11. As I said before, she sat sullenly, till Helen came up, and then began to scold her for being so slow.

"Why don't you come along faster, Helen? you will be late to school, and I don't care if you are: you deserve a good scolding for acting so."

"Why, Clara, I am *very tired*, my head *does* ache, and this basket is very heavy. I do think you ought to carry it the rest of the way."

12. "Do give it to me then," said Clara; and snatched it from her with such violence that the cover came off. The apples rolled out and fell into the water, the gingerbread followed, and the pie rolled into the dirt. It has been truly said, "Anger is a short madness;" for how little reason have those who indulge in it. Helen was not to blame for the accident, but Clara did not stop to think of this. Vexed at having thus lost her dinner, she turned and gave her little sister a push, and then walked on as rapidly as possible. O! could she have foreseen the consequences of this rash act—could she have known the bitter anguish, which it would afterwards cause her, worlds would not have tempted her to do it; *but Clara was angry.*

13. Helen was seated just on the edge of the stone,

and she fell into the water. It was not deep. She had waded there many a day with her shoes and stockings off, and she easily got out again, but it frightened her very much, and took away all her strength. She could not even call to her sister, or cry. A strange feeling came over her, such as she had never had before. She laid her head on the stone, closed her eyes, and thought she was going to die, and she wished her mother was there. Then she seemed to sleep for a few moments;—but by and by she felt better, and, getting up, she took her empty basket and walked on, as fast as she was able, towards school.

14. It was nearly half done when she arrived there, and as she entered the room, all noticed her pale face and wet dress. She took her seat, and

placing her book before her, leaned her aching head upon her hand, and attempted to study: but in vain; she could not fix her attention at all. The strange feeling began to come over her once more; the letters all mingled together; the room grew dark; the shrill voice of the little child screaming its A B C in front of her desk, grew fainter and fainter; her head sunk upon her book, and she fell to the floor.

15. Fainting was so unusual in this school, that all was instantly confusion, and it was some minutes before the teacher could restore order. Helen was brought to the air; two of her companions were despatched for water; and none were allowed to remain near, excepting Clara, who stood by, trembling from head to foot, and almost as white as the insensible object before her. O! what a moment of anguish was this,—deep, bitter anguish. Her anger melted away at once, and she would almost have sacrificed her own life, to have recalled the events of the morning. That was impossible.

16. The future, however, was still before her, and she *determined* never again to indulge her temper, or be unkind to any one. If Helen *only* recovered, the future should be spent in atoning for her past unkindness. It seemed, for a short time, indeed, as if she would be called upon to fulfil these promises. Helen gradually grew better, and in about an hour was apparently as well as usual. It was judged best, however, for her to return home, and a farmer, who happened to pass in a new gig, very kindly offered to take her.

17. Clara could not play with the girls as usual,—she could not study. Her heart was full, and she

was very impatient to be once more by her sister's side. The recesses were spent in collecting pictures, notes, and little books;—and the long study-hours were employed in printing stories. In this way, she attempted to quiet that still small voice, whose secret whispers were destroying all her happiness. O how eagerly she watched the sun in his slow progress round the school-house; and when at last he threw his slanting beams through the west window, she was the first to obey the joyful signal; and books, papers, pen, and ink, instantly disappeared from her desk.

18. Clara did not linger on her way home. She even passed the 'half-way stone' with no other notice than a deep sigh. She hurried to her sister's bed-side, impatient to show her the curiosities she had collected, and to make up, by every little attention, for her unkindness. Helen was asleep. Her face was no longer pale, but flushed with a burning fever. Her little hands were hot, and as she tossed restlessly about on her pillow, she would mutter to herself,—sometimes calling on her sister, to 'stop, stop,' and then again begging her not to throw her to the fishes.

19. Clara watched long, in agony, for her to wake. This she did at last; but it brought no relief to the distressed sister and friends. She did not know them, and continued to talk incoherently about the events of the morning. It was too much for Clara to bear. She retired to her own little room, and lonely bed, and wept till she could weep no more.

20. By the first dawn of light, she was at her sister's bed-side; but there was no alteration. For three days, Helen continued in this state. I would

not, if I could, describe the agony of Clara, as she heard herself thus called upon, and deservedly reproached by the dear sufferer. Her punishment was, indeed, greater than she could bear.

21. At the close of the third day, Helen gave signs of returning consciousness,—inquired if the cold water which she drank would injure her,—recognised her mother, and very anxiously called for Clara. She had just stepped out, and was immediately told of this. O how joyful was the summons! She hastened to her sister, who, as she approached, looked up and smiled. The feverish flush from her cheek was gone,—she was almost deadly pale. By her own request her head had been raised upon two or three pillows, and her little emaciated hands were folded over the white coverlet.

22. Clara was entirely overcome, she could only weep; and, as she stooped to kiss her sister's white lips, the child threw her arms around her neck, and drew her still nearer. It was a long embrace;—then her arms moved convulsively, and fell motionless by her side;—there were a few struggles,—she gasped once or twice,—and little Helen never breathed again.

23. Days and weeks, and months rolled on. Time had somewhat healed the wound, which grief for the loss of an only sister had made; but it had not power to remove from Clara's heart the remembrance of her former unkindness. It poisoned many an hour. She never took her little basket of dinner, now so light, or in her solitary walk to school passed the 'half-way stone,' without a deep sigh, and often a tear of bitter regret.

Children who *are* what Clara *was*, go now and be what Clara *is*,—mild,—amiable,—obliging and pleasant to all.

LESSON XXVII.

MOTHER WON'T LET ME.

1. A NUMBER of boys, with books in hand, were passing up the street on their way to school. They were talking with animated countenances, apparently upon a subject of common interest.

"Halloo, Sam," said one of them to a boy who was just come up to them; "are you going with us this afternoon?"

2. "I do not know," answered Samuel. "Mother says she does not think it is frozen hard enough for safe skating to-day; I am afraid she will not let me go. It is always the way when there is any fun to be had—mother keeps me at home."

3. "Just like *my* mother," replied his companion; "she is always afraid I shall be drowned, or get run over, or be killed in some way or other. She has not let me coast in the street with the other boys all this winter. I must always promise to go off with my sled into the fields."

4. Edward Torry, who was walking by the side of the two boys, was a listener to their conversation. He said nothing; but, when the boys looked towards him expecting from him some remark upon the subject, they saw a tear in his eye, which he turned away his head to conceal. It was not diffi-

cult to judge what were the feelings which called it forth. A glance at his mourning suit, reminded the boys of their companion's situation.

5. It was but a few weeks before, that he had been bereaved of an affectionate mother, and they conjectured correctly that their conversation had brought *her* to his mind. Edward *was* thinking of his mother, and his reflections were something like the following:—"These boys think it very hard to be looked after so closely, and not allowed to run into dangers, and so I used to do; but the time may come when they would give the world to have some one who would care for them as their kind mothers do now. Oh! if I could only have my own good mother again, how willing I should be to give up every one of my plays to please her."

6. Now, no mother ever wished to deprive her children of enjoyments. Any boy will find his mother more ready to confer a pleasure upon him than to enjoy it herself. The reason why she may be unwilling in any case that he should go upon the water—or to *coast* in the streets—or to skate upon the river, is not that she wishes to deprive him of enjoyment; but because she is afraid he will meet with some injury. Sometimes, perhaps, the mother is apprehensive of danger, when none in reality exists:—she is afraid the bay or river is not frozen sufficiently for skating, when it really is so;—she is unwilling her son should venture upon it, though he may know with perfect certainty himself, that there is no danger.

7. Well, now supposing that in such a case, he should cheerfully give up his plan of skating, simply

because his mother wishes it, and seek his amusement in some other way:—or, suppose even that he should stay at home, and have no play at all for any one afternoon, if that should be his mother's wish—would this be a greater privation than she has endured for him a hundred and a thousand times, and which she is ready, at any time, to endure for him again? Where is the boy who would rather his mother should suffer anxiety and apprehension for a whole afternoon, than to forego, himself, the pleasure of spending it in any particular way that he has chanced to fix upon?

8. I never like, in any case, to hear a boy say—"mother *won't let me*" do such a thing. It sounds as if the boy thought his mother was unkind, or unwilling to gratify him: whereas, it is always because she does not think it will be for his good to do or have the thing he wishes. Let him say, then, "mother does not think it is best"—not "mother won't let me."

The following fable which was translated from the French, seems to illustrate this subject.

THE YOUNG FLY.

9. A young fly was resting with its mother on the wall of a chimney, near a kettle where somebody was busy cooking a soup. The old fly, being obliged to leave her daughter on account of other engagements, said to her as she flew away, "My child, you must remain where you are, and not leave your place till I come back."

10. "Why not, mamma?" asked the little fly.

"Because," said the mother, "I am afraid you will go too near that boiling fountain," (meaning the soup.)

"What is the reason I must not go near it?"

"Because you will fall into that dreadful place."

"And why shall I fall in there, mamma?"

11. "I cannot explain to you the reason; you must trust to my experience. Every time that a little fly has approached one of these boiling fountains, from which you see so many vapours rising, I have observed that it always tumbles in, and never gets out again."

12. The mother, thinking she had said enough, flew away. But, no sooner was she gone, than the little fly began to laugh at her advice. She said to herself: "These old folks are always so careful; why does my mother wish to deprive me of the innocent pleasure of flying about a little, near this fountain? Have I not wings—and have I not sense enough to keep out of danger? Indeed, mother, you can talk wisely, and I suppose you like to quote your own experience; but as for *me*, I am going to amuse myself, flying round this fountain; and I should like very much to see if I can't keep from tumbling in."

13. So saying, she flew away to the kettle; but hardly had she approached it, when the suffocating vapour overcame her, and she sunk exhausted into it —"Oh!" said she, with her expiring breath, "how unhappy are those children who will not listen to the advice of their mother!"

LESSON XXVIII.

THE HAT.

1. One day the preceptor of an academy was sitting at his desk, at the close of school, while the pupils were putting up their books and leaving the room; a boy came in with angry looks, and, with his hat in his hands bruised and dirty, advanced to the master's desk, and complained that one of his companions had thrown down his hat upon the floor, and had almost spoiled it.

2. The teacher looked calmly at the mischief, and then asked how it happened.

"I don't know, sir; I hung it up on my nail, and he pulled it down."

"I wish you would ask him to come here," said the teacher. "Ask him pleasantly."

3. The accused soon came in, and the two boys stood together before the master.

"There seems to be some difficulty between you two boys, about a nail to hang your hats upon. I suppose each of you thinks it is his own nail."

"Yes, sir," said both the boys.

4. "It will be more convenient for me to talk with you about this to-morrow, than to-night, if you are willing to wait. Besides, we can examine it more calmly then. But if we put it off till then, you must not talk about it in the mean time, blaming each other, and keeping up the irritation that you feel. Are you both willing to leave it just where it is, till to-morrow, and try to forget all about it till

then? I expect I shall find you both a little to blame.

5. The boys rather reluctantly consented. The next day the master heard the case and settled it. So far as it related to the two boys, it was easily settled; for they had had time to get calm, and were, after sleeping away their anger, rather ashamed of the whole affair, and very desirous to have it forgotten.

6. That day, when the hour for the transaction of business came, the teacher stated to the school, that it was necessary to take some measures to provide each boy with a nail for his hat. In order to show that it was necessary, he related the circumstances of the quarrel which had occurred the day before. He did this, not with such an air and manner as to convey the impression that his object was to find fault with the boys, or to expose their misconduct, but to show the necessity of doing something to remedy the evil, which had been the cause of so unpleasant an occurrence.

7. Still, though he said nothing in the way of reproach or reprehension, and did not name the boys, but merely gave a cool and impartial narrative of the facts,—the effect, very evidently, was to bring such quarrels into discredit. A calm review of misconduct, after the excitement has gone by, will do more to bring it into disgrace, than the most violent invectives and reproaches, directed against the individuals guilty of it.

8. "Now boys," continued the master, "will you assist me in making arrangements to prevent the recurrence of all temptations of this kind hereafter? It is plain that every boy ought to have a nail appro-

priated expressly to his use. The first thing to be done is, to ascertain whether there are enough for all. I should like, therefore, to have two committees appointed; one to count and report the number of nails in the entry, and also how much room there is for more; the other to ascertain the number of scholars in school. They can count all who are here, and by observing the vacant desks, they can ascertain the number absent. When this investigation is made, I will tell you what to do next."

9. The boys seemed pleased with the plan, and the committees were appointed, two members on each. The master took care to give the quarrellers some share in the work, apparently forgetting, from this time, the unpleasant occurrence which had brought up the subject.

10. When the boys came to tell him their results, he asked them to make a little memorandum, in writing, as he might forget, before the time came for reading them. They brought him presently a rough scrap of paper, with the figures marked upon it. He told them he should forget which was the number of nails, and which the number of scholars, unless they wrote it down.

"It is the custom among men," said he "to make out their report, in such a case, fully, so that it would explain itself; and I should like to have you, if you are willing, to make out yours a little more distinctly."

11. Accordingly, after a little additional explanation, the boys made another attempt, and presently returned, with something like the following:

"The committee for counting the nails report as follows:

Number of nails	35
Room for	15."

The other report was very similar, though somewhat rudely written and expressed. Both were satisfactory. Nails enough were soon provided, and there was no more difficulty about hats.

LESSON XXIX.

MOTHER, WHAT IS DEATH?

1. "MOTHER, how still the baby lies!
I cannot hear his breath;
I cannot see his laughing eyes—
They tell me this is death.

2. My little work I thought to bring,
I sat down by his bed,
And pleasantly I tried to sing—
They hushed me—he is dead.

3. They say that he again will rise,
More beautiful than now;
That God will bless him in the skies—
Oh, mother tell me how!"

4. "Daughter, do you remember, dear,
The cold, dark thing you brought,
And laid upon the casement here,—
A withered worm you thought?

5. I told you the Almighty power
Could break that withered shell,
And show you in a future hour,
Something would please you well.

6. Look at the chrysalis, my love,—
An empty shell it lies;
Now raise your wandering glance above
To where yon insect flies!"

7. "Oh, yes, mamma! how very gay
Its wings of starry gold!
And see, it lightly flies away
Beyond my gentle hold.

8. Oh, mother, now I know full well,
If God that worm can change,
And draw it from this broken cell
On golden wings to range,—

9. How beautiful will brother be,
When God shall give him wings,
Above this dying world to flee,
And live with heavenly things!"

MRS. GILMAN.

LESSON XXX.

FORGIVENESS.

1. ONE of the petitions in the Lord's prayer is, "forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

We do thus pray that God will exercise the same kind of forgiveness towards us, which we exercise towards others. Consequently, if we are unforgiving or revengeful, we pray that God will treat us in the same way when we appear before him in judgement. Thus God teaches the necessity of cultivating a forbearing, and a forgiving spirit. We must do this or we cannot be Christians.

2. When I was a boy, there was another little boy who went to the same school with me, who was a professed Christian. He seemed to love the Saviour, and to try in all things to abstain from sin. Some of the bad boys were in the habit of ridiculing him, and of doing every thing they could to tease him, because he would not join with them in mischief. Near the school-house there was a small orchard, and the scholars would, without the leave of the owner, take the apples. One day a party of boys were going into the orchard for fruit, and called upon this pious boy to accompany them.

3. "Come, Henry," said one of them to him, "let us go and get some apples."

"The apples are not ours," he fearlessly replied, "and I do not think it right to steal."

"You are a coward, and afraid to go," the other replied.

"I am afraid," said Henry, "to do wrong, and you ought to be; but I am not afraid to do right."

4. This wicked boy was exceedingly irritated at this rebuke, and called Henry all the ill names he could think of, and endeavoured to hold him up to the ridicule of the whole school.

Henry bore it very patiently, though it was hard

to be endured; for the boy who ridiculed him, had a great deal of influence and of talent.

5. Some days after this, the boys were going a fishing. Henry had a beautiful fishing rod, which his father had bought for him.

George, (for by that name I shall call the boy who abused Henry,) was very desirous of borrowing this fishing rod, and yet was ashamed to ask for it. At last, however, he summoned courage, and called out to Henry upon the play ground:

"Henry, will you lend me your rod to go a fishing?"

"Oh yes!" said Henry, "if you will go home with me, I will get it for you now."

Poor George felt ashamed enough, for what he had done. But he went home with Henry to get the rod.

6. They went up into the barn together, and when Henry had taken his fishing tackle from the place in which he kept it, he said to George, "I have a new line in the house, which father bought me the other day, you may have that too, if you want it." George could hardly hold up his head, he felt so ashamed. However, Henry went and got the new line, and placed it upon the rod, and gave them into George's hand.

7. A few days after this, George told me about it. "Why," said he, "I never felt so ashamed in my life. And one thing is certain, I will never call Henry names again."

8. Now who does not admire the conduct of Henry in this affair? This forgiving spirit is what God requires. The child who would be the friend

God, must possess this spirit. You must always be ready to forgive. You must never indulge in the feelings of revenge. You must never desire to injure another, how much soever you may feel that others have injured you. The spirit of the Christian is a forgiving spirit.

LESSON XXXI.

THE MAGIC EFFECT OF CONFESSION.

1. Two boys, on a pleasant winter evening, asked their father to permit them to go out upon the river to skate. The father hesitated, because, though within certain limits he knew there was no danger, yet he was aware that above a certain turn of the stream the current was rapid and the ice consequently thin. At last, however, he said, "You may go, but you must on no account go above the bend."

2. The boys accepted the condition, and were soon among their twenty companions, shooting swiftly over the smooth black ice, sometimes gliding in graceful curves before the bright fire, which they had built in the middle of the stream, and sometimes sailing away into the dim distance, in search of new and unexplored r[illegible]ns.

3. Presently a plan was [illegible]med by the other boys for going in a cheerful company far up the stream to explore its shores, and then return again in half an hour to their fire. Our two boys sighed to think of their father's prohibition to them. They faintly and hesitatingly hinted that the ice might not be

strong enough, but their caution had no effect upon their comrades; and the whole party set forth, and were soon flying with full speed toward the limit prescribed.

4. Our boys thought they might safely accompany them till they reached the boundary which they were forbidden to pass; but while they did so, they became animated and intoxicated with the motion and the scene. They felt a little foreboding as they approached the line, but as it was not definitely marked, they did not abruptly stop. They fell a little into the rear, and saw whirling through the bend of the river the whole crowd of their companions—and, after a moment's hesitation, they followed on.

5. The spot once passed, their indecision vanished; —they pressed forward to the foremost rank,—forgot their father,—their promise,—their danger. God protected them, however. They spent the half hour in delight,—returned down the river to their fire,—and at the close of the evening they took off their skates and stepped upon the firm ground, and walked toward their home.

6. The enjoyment was now over, and the *punishment* was to come. What punishment? *The loss of peace of mind.*

As the boys approached their father's dwelling, their hearts were filled with uneasiness and foreboding care. They walked slowly and *silently.* As they entered the house they shrunk from their father's eye. He looked pleased and happy at their safe return; but they turned away from him as soon as they could, and preferred to retire to another room to avoid his presence. Their sister, in the

gayety and kindness of her heart, tried to talk with them about their evening's enjoyment,—but they wished to turn the conversation. In a word, their *peace of mind was gone;* and they shrunk from every eye, and wished to go as soon as possible to bed, that they might be unseen and forgotten.

7. But they were not happy there. They dared not —strange infatuation—repeat *their evening prayer;* as if they supposed they could escape God's notice by neglecting to call upon him. At last, however, they went to sleep.

8. The next morning they awoke with the customary cheerfulness of childhood—until, as they looked forth from their window, they saw the clear ice-bound stream which had tempted them to sin, winding its way among the trees. They said nothing, but each felt guilty and sad. They met their father and mother with clouded hearts, and every object at all connected with their transgression, awakened a remorse which utterly destroyed their happiness. They carried thus about with them a weary and a heavy burden.

9. A few days after, one of these boys said to himself, as he was walking alone, "I am not happy, and I have not been happy since I disobeyed my father on the ice. I was very foolish to do that, for I have suffered more in consequen[illegible]han ten times as much pleasure would be worth. I am resolved to go and confess the whole to my father, and ask him to forgive me, and then I shall be happy again."

10. Having resolved upon this, he sought the very first opportunity to relieve his mind. He was walking by the side of his father, and for several minutes

he hesitated—not knowing how to begin. He made however at last the effort, and said in a sorrowful tone:

"Father, I have done something very wrong."

"What is it, my son?"

He hesitated and trembled—and after a moment's pause, said, "I am very sorry that I did it."

11. "My son," said his father, "I have observed, for a day or two, that you have not been happy, and you are evidently unhappy now. I know that you must have done something wrong; but you may do just as you please about telling me what it is. If you freely confess it, and submit to the punishment, whatever it may be, you will be happy again; if not, you will continue to suffer. Now you may do just as you please."

12. "Well, father, I will tell you all. Do you remember that you gave us leave to go upon the river and skate the other evening?"

"Yes."

"Well, I disobeyed you, and went upon the ice where you told us not to go. I have been unhappy ever since, and I resolved to-day that I would come and tell you, and ask you to forgive me."

13. We need not detail the conversation that followed. He made a full confession, and by doing it, he relieved himself of his burden, restored peace to his mind, and went away from his father with a light and happy heart. He no more dreaded to meet him, and to hear the sound of his voice.

14. He could now be happy with his sister again, and look upon the beautiful stream winding in the valley, without feeling his heart sink within him ur

der a sense of guilt,—while all the time his brother, who would not come and acknowledge his sin, had his heart still darkened, and his countenance made sad by the gloomy recollection of unforgiven sin. Yes, *confession of sin* has an almost magic power in *restoring peace of mind.*

LESSON XXXII.

THE IDLE BOY.

1. MANY young persons seem to think it is not of much consequence if they do not improve their time well when in youth, for they can make it up by diligence when they are older. They think it is disgraceful for *men* and *women* to be idle, but that there can be no harm for persons who are *young* to spend their time in any manner they please.

2. George Jones thought so. He was twelve years old. He went to an academy to prepare to enter college. His father was at great expense in obtaining books for him, clothing him, and paying for his tuition. But George was idle. The preceptor of the academy would often tell him that if he did not study diligently when young, he would never succeed well.

3. But George thought of nothing but present pleasure. Often would he go to school without having made any preparation for his morning lesson, and when called to recite with his class he would stammer and make such blunders, that the rest of his class could not help laughing at him. He was

one of the poorest scholars in school, because he was one of the most idle.

4. When recess came, and all the boys ran out of the academy, upon the play-ground, idle George would come moping along. Instead of studying diligently while in school, he was indolent and half asleep. When the proper time for play came, he had no relish for it. I recollect very well that, when *tossing up* for a game of ball, we used to choose every body on the play-ground, before we chose George. And if there were enough to play without him, we used to leave him out. Thus was he unhappy in school and out of school. There is nothing which makes a person enjoy play so well, as to study hard.

5. When recess was over, and the rest of the boys returned fresh and vigorous to their studies, George might be seen, lagging and moping along to his seat. Sometimes he would be asleep in school, sometimes he would pass his time in catching flies and penning them up in little holes, which he cut in his seat. And sometimes when the preceptor's back was turned he would throw a paper ball across the room.

6. When the class was called up to recite, George would come drowsily along, looking as mean and ashamed as though he were going to be whipped. The rest of the class stepped up to the recitation with alacrity, and appeared happy and contented. When it came George's turn to recite, he would be so long, and make such blunders, that all heartily wished him out of the class.

7. At last George went with his class to enter college. Though he passed a very poor examina-

tion, he was admitted with the rest; for those who examined him, thought it was possible that the reason why he did not answer questions better, was, that he was frightened. Now came hard times for poor George. In college there is not much mercy shown to bad scholars, and George had neglected his studies so long that he could not now keep up with his class, let him try ever so hard.

8. He could without much difficulty get along in the academy, where there were only two or three boys of his own class to laugh at him. But now he had to go into a large recitation room, filled with students from all parts of the country. In the presence of all these he must rise and recite to the professor; poor fellow! he paid dear for his idleness. You would have pitied him, if you could have seen him trembling in his seat, every moment expecting to be called upon to recite. And when he was called upon he would stand up and take what the class called a *dead set*—that is, he could not recite at all.

9. Sometimes he would make such ludicrous blunders, that the whole class would burst into a laugh. Such are the applauses idleness gets. He was wretched of course. He had been idle so long that he hardly knew how to apply his mind to study. All the good scholars avoided him; they were ashamed to be seen in his company. He became discouraged, and gradually grew dissipated.

10. The government of the college soon were compelled to suspend him. He returned in a few months, but did no better, and his father was then advised to take him from college. He left college

despised by every one. A few months ago, I met him in New York, a poor wanderer, without money or friends. Such are the wages of idleness. I hope every reader will from this history take warning, and "stamp improvement on the the wings of time."

11. This story of George Jones, which is a true one, shows how sinful and ruinous it is, to be idle. Every child who would be a Christian and have a home in heaven, must guard against this sin.

LESSON XXXIII.

THE ACTIVE BOY.

1. I GAVE you the history of George Jones, an idle boy, and showed you the consequences of his idleness. I shall now give you the history of Charles Bullard, a class-mate of George. Charles was about of the same age with George, and did not possess naturally superior talents. Indeed I doubt whether he was equal to him, in natural powers of mind.

2. But Charles was a hard student. When quite young, he was always careful to be diligent in school. Sometimes when there was a *very hard* lesson, instead of going out during the recess to play, he would stay in to study. He had resolved that his first object should be to get his lesson well, and then he could play with a good conscience. He loved play as well as any body, and was one of the best players on the ground; I hardly ever saw any body catch a ball better than he could.

3. When playing any game, every one was glad to get Charles on his side. I have said that Charles would sometimes stay in at recess. This however was very seldom; it was only when the lesson was very hard indeed. Generally he was among the first upon the play-ground, and he was also among the first to go into school, when called in. Hard study gave him a relish for play, and play again gave him a relish for hard study; so he was happy both in school and out. The preceptor could not but love him, for he always had his lessons well committed, and never gave him any trouble.

4. When he went to enter college, the preceptor gave him a good recommendation. He was able to answer all the questions which were put to him when he was examined. He had studied so well when he was in the academy, and was so thoroughly prepared for college, that he found it very easy to keep up with his class, and had much time for reading interesting books. But he would always first get his lesson well, before he did any thing else, and would review it just before recitation. When called upon to recite, he rose tranquil and happy, and very seldom made any mistake. The government of the college had a high opinion of him, and he was respected by all the students.

5. There was in the college a society made up of all the best scholars. Charles was chosen a member of that society. It was the custom to choose some one of the society to deliver a public address every year. This honour was conferred on Charles; and he had studied so diligently, and read so much, that he delivered an address, which was very inter-

esting to all who heard it. At last he *graduated*, as it is called; that is, he finished his collegiate course, and received his degree.

6. It was known by all that he was a good scholar, and by all he was respected. His father and mother, brothers and sisters, came on commencement day, to hear his address. They all felt gratified, and loved Charles more than ever. Many situations of usefulness and profit were opened to him, for Charles was now a man, intelligent, and universally respected. He is now a useful and a happy man. He has a cheerful home, and is esteemed, by all who know him.

LESSON XXXIV.

REAL COURAGE.

1. THERE is nothing harder to be borne than ridicule. It requires a bold heart to be ready to do one's duty unmoved by the sneers of others. How often does a child do that which he knows to be wrong, because he is afraid that others will call him a coward if he does right! One cold winter's day three boys were passing by a school-house. The oldest was a mischievous fellow, always in trouble himself, and trying to get others into trouble. The youngest, whose name was George, was a very amiable boy, who wished to do right, but was very deficient in moral courage. We will call the oldest Henry, and the other of the three James. The following dialogue passed between them.

2. Henry. What fun it would be to throw a snow-ball against the school-room door, and make the instructer and scholars all jump.

James. You would jump, if you should. If the instructer did not catch you and whip you, he would tell your father, and you would get a whipping then, that would make you jump higher than the scholars, I think.

3. Henry. Why we could get so far off, before the instructer could come to the door, that he could not tell who we are. Here is a snow-ball just as hard as ice, and George had as lief throw it against that door as not.

4. James. Give it to him and see. He would not dare to throw it against the door.

Henry. Do you think George is a coward? You don't know him as well as I do. Here, George, take this snow-ball, and show James that you are not such a coward as he thinks you to be.

5. George. I am not afraid to throw it. But I do not want to. I do not see that it will do any good, or that there will be any fun in it.

James. There, I told you he would not dare to throw it.

6. Henry. Why George, are you turning coward? I thought you did not fear any thing. We shall have to call you chicken-hearted. Come, save your credit, and throw it; I know you are not afraid to.

George. Well, I am not afraid to. Give me the snow-ball. I had as lief throw it as not.

7. Whack went the snow-ball against the door; and the boys took to their heels. Henry was laughing as heartily as he could, to think what a fool he

had made of George. George afterwards got a whipping for his folly, as he richly deserved. He was such a coward that he was afraid of being called a coward. He did not dare to refuse to do as Henry told him to, for fear that he would be laughed at.

8. If he had been really a brave boy, he would have said, "Henry, do you suppose that I am such a fool as to throw that snow-ball, just because you want to have me do so? You may throw your own snow-balls, if you please."

Henry would perhaps have tried to laugh at him. He would have called him a coward, hoping in this way to induce him to obey his wishes.

9. But George would have replied: "Do you think that I care for your laughing? I do not think it is right to throw a snow-ball against the school-room door. And I will not do that which I think to be wrong, if the whole town join with you in laughing."

10. This would have been real moral courage. Henry would have seen at once, that it would do no good to laugh at a boy who had so bold a heart. And you must have this fearlessness of spirit, or you will be continually involved in trouble, and will deserve and receive contempt.

LESSON XXXV.

DELIRIUM TREMENS.

1. One morning, about ten o'clock, a dissipated, intemperate man, was moving slowly and feebl

along the street, and met the doctor of the village, who was coming into town on horseback.

"Good morning, Mr. Woden," said the doctor; "how do you do, this morning? It seems to me that you do not look well to-day."

2. "That is not strange, for I passed a most dreadful night, last night."

"Dreadful night! how? what do you mean?"

"Oh, doctor! I had some most awful dreams: I was in great trouble all the night; nothing seemed to go well with me; a horrid nightmare came on and filled me with distress. I seemed to be contending and struggling with difficulties, continually; dangers and perplexities were around me on every hand and broke my repose.

3. I would no sooner fall into a sleep than a bad dream came over me; sometimes I was merely perplexed in doing my business; at other times I fancied myself in danger, and awoke in great alarm. I would then toss about upon my bed for an hour, very much excited; it was impossible to get to sleep, and when I did, it was merely to be frightened out of it by another strange dream. Oh! I had a terrible night, doctor, and I feel wretchedly to-day, I assure you. I feel entirely worn out, as though I had been working hard all the night. I am completely exhausted, and yet I cannot go to sleep, and if I could, I should be afraid to,—such dreadful, such *horrid* dreams. Oh dear!" he sighed, gazing wildly around.

4. "Well, Mr. Woden, I think you had better go home, and keep as quiet as possible, and get some sleep, if you can."

"I wish I could, doctor, for I want it much; yet I

do not know, for I feel terribly in my sleep, I have such dreams."

5. So saying, they separated, the doctor riding away, and Mr. Woden going to his shop and from thence to the tavern, rather from custom, than from a desire for rum, for his appetite for rum seemed strangely to have disappeared.

6. When he left the house in the morning, he said nothing to his mother of his feelings, and when he returned at noon, she was struck with the singularity of his appearance. There was a wildness in the eye, a quick and rapid motion, glancing from object to object with great rapidity. He seemed to be very nervous, pacing to and fro the room from corner to corner, now going in this direction, and now in that; now taking up one thing and now another; he was in constant action; it seemed impossible for him to be still.

7. His appearance was so strange that she kept her eye upon him continually, and began to be alarmed, for she knew not what to think of his conduct. He however sat down to his dinner as usual, but still there was the same nervous action in all his motions. When he had about half finished his dinner, he suddenly rose, and began to pace the room, but in a moment sat down and began to eat again. He said nothing, and his mother thought that something had occurred which troubled and vexed him, and supposed that it would soon pass away.

8. At night however he returned home in much the same condition, though rather worse. The wildness of his countenance increased, and there was an anxious care-worn and haggard look, that told of

mental suffering. After tea, he walked round before, absent of mind, and engaged in deep an anxious thought. He went to bed as usual, but n to rest: he could not sleep; a horror came over hi soul and filled him with dismay, and he tossed to and fro upon his bed, wearied and exhausted, but destitute of all repose.

9. About midnight he fell asleep, but suddenly started from his bed in a fright; his own imagination was at work within, conjuring up terrors that drove sleep from his pillow. He again laid down for repose; but the same disordered fancy that darkened the visions of sleep, now spread a gloom and melancholy over his waking thoughts. A mysterious, fearful foreboding of evil prostrated his strength, and at the same time, his wild imagination, by her frightful and extravagant visions, inspired him with the supernatural nerve of a madman.

10. In the morning he appeared loosely dressed; he was pale, exhausted, and troubled; his eye was wild, and the expression of his countenance was as that of madness; there was a constant twitching of the muscles, and a tremor pervaded his whole frame He paced the room as before, in agitation; hi thoughts were engaged in frightful visions. Oh, u happy man, how was he to be pitied! When h mother saw him, she was alarmed, for she had oft feared the delirium tremens, and now believed th it had indeed come upon her son. The doctor s appeared, and did all he could to alleviate his suf ings, but in spite of his efforts, the disease hel its way.

11. He passed the day in misery. He was n a

state of bewildered restlessness, his thoughts being entirely engaged with imagining dangers and evils of every kind. Mrs. Woden was preparing some medicine, and looking around, saw her son in the middle of the floor, struggling and twisting most violently with something at his feet.

"What is the matter, Samuel?" said his mother.

12. "Oh, that snake! take it away, mother, do!"

"Why, Samuel, there is no snake there; you had better lie down and be quiet."

"No snake! why yes there is: he is winding himself about me so that I cannot stir. See, there is his head, black, and hissing right before my face; Oh! mother!" and he started back and fell upon the floor.

13. Mrs. Woden went to his assistance, but he sprung up again, and began his violent contortions with this imaginary snake. Presently he started to one corner and then to another, as though he was still pursued by the hissing monster. Now he leaped upon the table, again he seized the tongs, and struck violently at the air, his countenance all the while of a deadly paleness, and expressive of terror.

14. His mother approached him, and tried to calm and assuage his troubled mind, but he knew her not; with a wild and terrified gaze, he fled from her and sought to escape at the window. He was prevented, and by the assistance of some who were present, he was brought to the bed, and laid there for repose. He was, with difficulty, kept quiet, and in the course of an hour the object of his terror seemed to disappear, but it was only to be replaced by another. In a short time, he was seen to gaze with more than his

usual wildness; his eye glanced from one to another of those who were seated at his bed-side, with great rapidity; his countenance was more pale than before; his lips quivered; his whole system trembled violently; he seemed to be in great terror, and knew not which way to flee.

15. Suddenly he sprung from his bed, and with one bound reached the door. His friends went to him, but it is impossible to describe the signs of terror which he exhibited. Soon this fancy which troubled his mind passed away, and he became comparatively calm, but ere long another frightful vision would succeed. Thus the hours went heavily along, and the night passed slowly away; sometimes he was wild with delirium, sometimes he was in calm despair. His friends stood around him, with feelings of anxiety and pity for the wretched man.

16. Early in the morning Mr. Woden was pacing the floor rapidly; his friends were seated soberly in different parts of the room, ready to render any assistance that might be required. He fell heavily upon the floor; his eye became fixed and motionless; his limbs straightened, and quivered, and stiffened; he foamed at the mouth, and the whole system was in convulsion. After he had recovered from his fit, his wildness disappeared, and he became dull and languid, and gradually sunk into rest. His sleep was sound and long, and they feared it was the sleep of death; but he awoke, and though pale and emaciated, from his great exhaustion, was a new man. He recognised his friends, and turning in bed, again went to sleep.

17. He recovered slowly from his disease, and ap-

peared often thoughtful, and his friends hoped, that after tasting of this bitter fruit of repentance, he would reform his ways, and turn from the paths of drunkenness. But they were disappointed. For a while, the poor victim denied the cravings of his appetite, but he could not endure it for ever. Ere long the cup became again his only source of pleasure.

LESSON XXXVI.

BOAST NOT THYSELF OF TO-MORROW.

[By a School Girl.]

1. YESTERDAY our summer term closed, and a day of bustle it was. Every moment that could possibly be spared from our studies was devoted to preparations for returning home, packing trunks, exchanging parting words, and talking over various plans for enjoyment during the vacation, which all seemed to anticipate as a continued scene of unalloyed happiness.

2. My afflicted room-mate, Ellen, was then the happiest of the happy. She is an only daughter, a most affectionate, warm-hearted girl; and has been so much elated, for the last few days, at the thought of meeting her beloved parents and brothers, that she has seemed to tread on air; but I fear now that when they meet it will be in deep sorrow.

3. Last evening we assembled in the hall for our devotions, and, as is customary, each young lady repeated a text of Scripture before we united in prayer.

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth," was Ellen's text. It was particularly observed by several, on account of the appropriate warning it seemed to convey. She little thought how soon her own experience would confirm its truth. After bidding our teacher good night, she skipped up stairs with a glee and light-heartedness that could scarcely be restrained within proper bounds, exclaiming, "To-morrow—to-morrow how happy I shall be!"

4. "Remember your text, dear Ellen," said one of our beloved companions with a sad smile, as she passed on to her own room. "I wish Jane would not talk so seriously," said Ellen, as we closed our door for the night, "but then, after all, I love her the more for it. I heard some one say that she had been much afflicted for one so young."

5. This morning Ellen was awake at the peep of dawn, and waked me, that I might enjoy with her, through our half-closed curtains, the deepening glow in the east, which gave promise of a fine day for her ride home. When the bell summoned us to prayers, every thing was ready for the journey, and she met the family in her riding-dress, that no time might be lost after her father, whom she expected for her, should arrive.

6. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth," were the first words that met our ear from the selection of Scripture which our teacher had chosen for the morning.

"We have had your text again, Ellen," whispered one of the girls, as we went to the breakfast-room. "Ominous of evil—say you not so?"

"I am not superstitious," said Ellen, smiling; "besides, it refers to to-morrow, not to *to-day*."

7. At the breakfast-table little was eaten and little was said. There were happy faces there, but the joyous excitement of the preceding evening had given place to deeper feeling. Many were in a few hours to meet their beloved parents, from whom they had been separated for several months; and all were expecting some friend to take them to their respective homes. Our parting was not however to be particularly painful, as all expected to meet again at the expiration of the vacation.

8. As we were rising from the table a servant came in with the letters which had arrived in the morning's mail. One was given to Ellen. She broke the seal, and glancing at the contents, hastily placed it in the hand of the governess and rushed up to her own room. I followed, and found her in tears, greatly agitated. Her emotion was too great to allow her to tell me the cause. The governess came up and gave me the letter to read, kindly saying at the same time that I had better leave Ellen alone a few minutes, until the first burst of sorrow should be over, and then she would be in a better state to listen to the voice of consolation.

9. The letter was from her parents; brief, yet evidently written under the influence of strong excitement. They had just heard of the sudden and dangerous illness of their eldest son, a young gentleman of high promise, who had nearly completed his professional studies. His physicians gave not the slightest hope of his life. His parents made immediate preparations for leaving home, with the faint hope

that by rapid travelling they might be enabled to be with their beloved child in his dying moments. They could not take Ellen with them, and the best arrangement they could make for her, was to have her remain where she then was until their return.

10. I returned to Ellen, but found her scarcely more composed than when I left her. To this brother she was most fondly attached. He had written to her frequently, and taken a deep interest in her studies and amusements. He expected to have been at home during a part of her vacation, and now the thought of never meeting him again was agony. I knew not what to say; I could only weep with her, and silently commend her to "Him who healeth the broken in heart," entreating that she might be enabled submissively to say, "Thy will be done."

11. My father consents that I should remain for two or three days with Ellen. I know that more striking instances of the uncertainty of earthly prospects are constantly occurring, but I feel that the scenes of to-day have made an impression upon my own heart and the hearts of my companions that can never be effaced. I shall never again hear others planning with confidence for the future, without thinking of poor Ellen's disappointment and affliction, and of the text, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

LESSON XXXVII.

CASABIANCA.

1. THERE was a little boy about thirteen years old, whose name was Casabianca. His father was the commander of a ship of war called the Orient. The little boy accompanied his father to the seas. His ship was once engaged in a terrible battle upon the river Nile. In the midst of the thunders of the battle, while the heavy shots were flying thickly around, and strowing the decks with blood, this brave boy stood by the side of his father, faithfully discharging the duties which were assigned to him.

2. At last his father placed him in a particular part of the ship, to be performing some service, and told him to remain at his post till he should call him away. As the father went to some distant part of the ship to notice the progress of the battle, a ball from the enemy's vessel laid him dead upon the deck. But the son, unconscious of his father's death, and faithful to the trust reposed in him, remained at his post, waiting for his father's orders.—The battle raged dreadfully around him. The blood of the slain flowed at his feet.

3. The ship took fire, and the threatening flames drew nearer and nearer. Still this noble-hearted boy would not disobey his father. In the face of blood, and balls, and fire, he stood firm and *obedient*. The sailors began to desert the burning and sinking ship, and the boy cried out, "Father! may I go?" But no voice of permission could come from the mangled body of his lifeless father. And the boy not knowing

that he was dead, would rather die than disobey. And there that boy stood at his post, till every man had deserted the ship: he stood and perished in the flames.

4. Oh, what a boy was that! Every body who ever heard of him thinks that he was one of the noblest boys that ever was born. Rather than disobey his father he would die in the flames. This account has been written in poetry, and as the children who read this book may like to see it, it is given here:

CASABIANCA.

1.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead.

2.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though childlike form.

3.

The flames rolled on—he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

4.

He called aloud—"Say, father, say,
If yet my task is done!"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

5.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried!
"If I may yet be gone!"
And—but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

6.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair;
And look'd from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave, despair;

7.

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

8.

They wrapp'd the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And stream'd above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

9.

Then came a burst of thunder sound,—
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strowed the sea

10.

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing that perished there,
Was that young, faithful heart.

5. Oh, who would not love such a child as that! Is not such a boy more noble than one who will disobey his parents merely that he may have a little play, or that he may avoid some unpleasant duty? The brave little Casabianca would rather die than disobey. He loved his father. He had confidence in him. And even when death was staring him in the face, when

"The flames rolled on—he would not go,
Without his father's word."

6. I have seen some bad boys who thought it looked brave, to care nothing for the wishes of their parents. But do you think that Casabianca was a coward? No! the boy who is truly brave, and has a noble spirit, will obey his parents. If others tease him to do differently, he will dare to tell them that he means to do his duty: and if they laugh at him, he will let them laugh, and show them by his conduct that he does not care for the sneers of bad boys.

7. The fact is, that in almost all cases, disobedient boys are mean, and cowardly, and contemptible. They have not one particle of the spirit of the noble little Casabianca. And when these disobedient boys grow up to be men, they do not command influence or respect.

LESSON XXXVIII.

SIN AGAINST GOD.

1. But what is the meaning of our sins being against God? I will explain it. I once knew a boy

so abandoned to evil passions, and so utterly destitute of moral principle, that he set fire to his mother's house, in a fit of anger with her for some reproof or punishment. I do not know whether he intended to burn it entirely, or whether he expected that the fire would be extinguished, and he should thus only frighten his mother.

2. A great deal of injury was in fact done by the fire, which was however at last extinguished. Now the boy very probably supposed this offence was *against his mother alone.* He knew he was responsible to her authority, and thought of nothing more.

How surprised then would he be, if some friend of his, after he had done this, should converse with him as follows:

3. "Do you know what you have done?"

"Yes, I set mother's house on fire."

"And what do you expect will be the consequence?"

"Why, perhaps she will punish me; but I don't care for that."

"I think you will find that that is not the worst of it."

"What is the worst of it?"

4. "Why you have broken *the law of the land,* and I expect every hour that the officers will be after you to take you up."

"The officers!" says the boy, astonished and alarmed: "I did not know any thing about the law of the land."

"There *is* a law of the land, you will find, and

you have broken it, and they will have you tried and put in state's prison for it."

5. At this the boy would perhaps pause and turn pale, and his next word would probably either be, "I don't believe it," or else, "What *shall* I do?" Perhaps he would attempt to excuse himself by saying,

"I did not know that it was against any law—I only did it to plague my mother."

6. "That makes no difference," his friend would reply; "it will not help you at all. The law of every community is, and ought to be, very decided against incendiaries; because, as you well know, when you set fire to your house, you endangered the others near, and in fact the whole village. As to your ignorance of the written law, that makes no difference; you *knew that you were doing wrong.*"

7. I do not know whether this boy learned that he had broken the law, and was in great danger of punishment, by any such conversation as the above. I know however that he learned it in some way, and fled. He escaped to a distant city, but the officers found him there; and I saw him afterward confined in his cell.

8. Now when men sin in this world, they almost always forget the very important circumstance, that *they are sinning against God.* They look upon their offences as committed solely against their fellow-men: they feel sometimes a little compunction in regard to those few cases where their conduct has injured their fellows; they never consider these as offences against a far higher law—and as to all

their other conduct, they feel entirely at ease in regard to it.

9. Now the Bible comes in in such cases, and where its voice is heeded, it holds with men much such a conversation as that which I have described between the boy and his friend.

"Do you know," it says to one who has been living an irreligious life for many years, "what you have been doing?"

10. "Yes," he replies, "I have very often done wrong. I have sometimes been idle, and sometimes a little passionate; but then I have endeavoured to make up for lost time by subsequent industry, and I have always repaired all the injuries of every kind that I have done to others. On the whole, I have been a good neighbour and an honest man; I have been kind in my family, and upright as a citizen."

11. "Ah!" says the Bible, "do you not know that *there is a God;* and that, by utterly neglecting him, you have been all the time unceasingly breaking *his law*? You have been living for yourself, detached and separate from all around you, except so far as your interests or instinctive feelings have formed a frail tie. What a divided and miserable community would be the result, if all God's creatures were to act upon the same principle!"

12. "Besides," continues the word of God, "the sins which you acknowledge that you have committed, and which you seem to consider as chiefly against men, are in a far higher sense against God. They are violations of his law, and he has annexed a most awful penalty to such transgressions. In fact, it is possible that some of his officers are now sent for

you, to summon you to trial and condemnation for your sins."

LESSON XXXIX.

WHO IS A MURDERER?

1. "WHOSOEVER hateth his brother is a murderer." This is said in the Bible. If you look at the fifteenth verse of the third chapter of the first epistle of John, you will find it there. I have two stories to tell in attempting to explain it.

2. One day a rough and coarse-looking boy was walking along to school eating an apple. There were some other boys with him, talking. At the corner where they were to turn up towards the schoolhouse, another boy, with a small stick in his hand, and an old white hat on his head, came up and said, "John, give us a piece of your apple?"

3. "Away with you," said John, "I have got no apple for you."

The boy, thus repulsed, turned away, muttering to himself, "You are a surly fellow."

4. "What is that you say," said John, walking up to him. "Did you say I was a surly fellow?"

"What if I did?" said the other boy.

"Why, if you say it again, I will knock you down."

5. The tone of angry defiance with which this was said, aroused the bad passions of both the boys, and a serious quarrel was likely to ensue, when just at that moment the master came up; and, seeing from

their angry looks that there was some difficulty, ordered them all into school. They went in, eyeing each other with looks of defiance, and their hearts full of angry and malignant passions. This is the first story.

6. On the deck of a black-painted ship in a little cove in the West Indies, there was at midnight a pirate walking back and forth on his watch. He had been punished for a misdemeanor, and was determining in the secret recesses of his heart to murder his superior officer, by whom the punishment had been inflicted.

7. Most of the crew had gone on shore, and he, together with the officer whose death he was meditating, had been left alone in charge of the ship. The officer had gone below to rest, and as soon as he supposed it probable that he was asleep, he stole cautiously down with *a two-edged knife in his hand*, and plunged it into the heart of his sleeping victim.

8. When his struggles were over, the murderer dragged him up to the deck, fastened weights to his feet, and lifting him over the bulwarks, plunged him into the waves. This is the second story.

9. He that hateth his brother is a murderer, says the word of God. That is, the boys in the first story, and the pirate in the last, are, in the view of God, considered as guilty of substantially the same sin. Perhaps you ask why: I will tell you.

10. First. Their hearts were in the same state. The boy felt just as the pirate did,—angry, revengeful, malignant. His heart was full of precisely the same passions. He was miserable himself, and wished misery to his brother. It was his brother,—for, as

descendants of one common father, we are all brethren.

11. Secondly. Their intentions were substantially the same. Each wanted to do injury to his enemy. And each wanted to do as much injury as he dared to do. So that not only were their hearts in a guilty state, but they were both eager to carry out their wicked feelings into act.

12. Thirdly. The difference between them was only accidental. The boy did not injure his brother, but it was because the master came up and restrained him. It was the accidental presence of a man whom he feared, that prevented him.

13. It is true that if the master had not appeared, they would not have killed each other. But this would have been owing to other restraints which Providence had imposed upon them, and which the poor pirate was free from. If the pirate had been born and brought up where the school-boys had been, he would have shown his anger and malignity only as they did. So that the difference that really exists is only accidental.

14. He that hates his brother, then, whether he expresses that hatred by looks, or words, or blows, or by the knife, is in heart a murderer, and is so regarded in the court of heaven.

LESSON XL.

THE THUNDER STORM.

1. Deep, fiery clouds o'ercast the sky,
Dead stillness reigns in air,
There is not e'en a breeze, on high
The gossamer to bear.

2. The woods are hushed, the waters rest,
The lake is dark and still,
Reflecting, on its shadowy breast,
Each form of rock and hill.

3. The lime-leaf waves not in the grove,
Nor rose-tree in the bower;
The birds have ceased their songs of love,
Awed by the threatening hour.

4. 'Tis noon; yet nature's calm profound
Seems as at midnight deep;
But hark! what peal of awful sound
Breaks on creation's sleep!

5. The thunder bursts! its rolling might
Seems the firm hills to shake;
And in terrific splendour bright
The gathered lightnings break.

6. Yet fear not, shrink not thou, my child!
Though, by the bolt's descent,
Were the tall cliffs in ruins piled,
And the wide forest rent.

7. Doth not thy God behold thee still,
With all surveying eye?
Doth not his power all nature fill,
Around, beneath, on high?

8. Know, hadst thou eagle-pinions, free
To track the realms of air,
Thou couldst not reach a spot where he
Would not be with thee there.

9. In the wide city's peopled towers,
On the vast ocean's plains,
'Midst the deep woodland's loneliest bowers,
Alike the Almighty reigns!

10. Then fear not, though the angry sky
A thousand darts should cast:—
Why should we tremble e'en to die,
And be with him at last?

LESSON XLI.

THE LITTLE MILL DAM; OR, THE WONDERFUL ADVANTAGES OF SYSTEM.

1. One day the master of a small school, which was kept in the outskirts of a retired country village, in the mountainous regions of New England, thought he would go out during one of the recesses to seek a little recreation. He had been in the school only a few days, and was as yet scarcely acquainted with his new charge. On the steps of the door of the

school-house there were two of the boys "*whittling.*" They started up hastily, as they saw him coming, but he requested them to sit still, saying that he could pass them as they were.

2. "But where are all the other boys?" said he.

"They are behind the school-house."

"What are they doing there?"

Such a question would in many cases put school-boys on their guard; but the tone of the master in this case was so good-humoured and pleasant, that the little flaxen-haired boy to whom it was addressed answered, without hesitation,

"They are making a dam."

3. "Making a dam!" repeated the master; "that is fine amusement; I must go and see them. Come, go and show me the way."

The little boy laid down his knife and wood, and with an air of timidity and constraint, as if he was not accustomed to such kind of intercourse with his teacher, led the way.

4. There was a range of hills behind the school-house, covered with a dark and almost impenetrable forest. The margin of this forest extended down very near the school-house, assuming here however the form of an open wood. A brook which had its origin in a dark ravine far up the hills, which the boys had never explored, came bubbling down behind the school-house; and, passing it on one side, it crossed the street under a bridge, and then, winding its way through some meadows half covered with wood on the other side, it glided at last into a beautiful bend which stretched out in the centre of the valley in which the town was situated.

5. As the master, preceded by his little guide, passed around the corner of the school-house, he heard the sound of loud and angry voices, at the brook beyond. Half a dozen boys were vociferating together, and little could he understand except that they were disputing about the best way to fix their dam. Among the confused mass of sounds, however, two could be distinguished, which seemed to be the leading ones in the discussion.

6. "I say, Jack Wilder, that is not fair; this is our dam, and you've no right to come here and spoil it. I tell you let it alone."

"I am not spoiling it, I tell you; I am only fixing it. You don't any of you know how to build a dam."

7. Just then a timid-looking little boy, who had been standing back at a little distance from the brook, hurried to the disputants, and said, in a low voice,

"Hush! hush! there's the master."

The boys looked up, and most of them retreated, as by a sort of involuntary instinct, a step or two from the scene of dispute. Jack Wilder muttered, "What do I care for that?"

8. Jack Wilder was standing across the dam of wet sods which the boys had made. One foot was in the water, and the other half up to the ancle in the mud below the dam. He had a torn and shapeless hat over his ears. He was short, but thick and stout, and in his broad and sun-burnt face there was a frank and good-humoured, but reckless expression.

He raised himself erect, still keeping his foot firmly planted in the mud, and said again, but he took good care to say it so low that he was pretty sure that the master could not hear.

"Who cares for the master?"

9. In fact the master was not looking towards them. A large and stout-looking boy, named Samuel, who was sitting on the bank several feet from the brook, saw the master when coming round the corner, and he observed that when he came within hearing of the boys, he stopped and looked back towards the meadow and pond beyond it, as if enjoying the prospect. Samuel thought from his manner, that he wished to give the boys an opportunity to see him before he came amongst them. Be that as it may, however, the master now slowly advanced, and when he was pretty near the group, he addressed them in a tone of good-humoured curiosity.

10. "What are you doing, boys?"

"Making a dam, sir," said Jack Wilder, promptly, without altering his attitude in the least, except to push back his old hat a little from his face.

"I hope you have good tight boots," continued the master, smiling.

"Sir?" said Jack, with a stare; then looked down to his feet.

"I suspect that you don't care much about wet feet. You'd make a good soldier."

11. Up to this time, Jack looked as though he was in doubt whether his new visiter came as a friend or as an enemy, and as though he was preparing for either case, as the result might determine it. There was something too in the attitudes and looks of the other boys, which indicated plainly the same sort of anxious uncertainty. Men so frequently give the name of mischief to what boys call fun, that they sel-

dom receive a visit in such circumstances as these without some solicitude.

12. Jack however considered the master's compliment to his hardihood in the light of an olive branch, and the serious features of his face relaxed into a smile. The other boys too began to look somewhat relieved.

"I used to like the making of dams when I was a boy," continued the master;—"but can't you make a better dam than that?"

"Yes, sir," said Jack; "I was just showing them how."

13. "I should think you might make a better one then than that. That is not equal to a beaver's; I should suppose that boys could do better than beavers."

The boys smiled.

"I am glad that you have got this plan for amusement during recess, for I have been thinking that I must have some pleasant way of spending my recess. And now I propose that you undertake to make a first-rate dam, and I will come at every recess, and sit down here, and see how you get on.

14. The boys looked at one another, as if they hardly knew how to consider this proposal.

"What is the matter? you look as though you thought this was a strange proposal. Don't you suppose that I want a recess as well as you?"

"I never heard of such a thing," said Jack Wilder.

"Well, I do," said the teacher, "and I should like such a plan as this very much."

15. "I am willing," said Jack; "we will tear this all away first, and begin anew;" and he began im-

mediately to pull off the soaked and dripping sods, and to throw them upon the bank.

"Stop a minute," said the master; "let us form a plan before we begin the work. Whenever men undertake any enterprise, they always first form the plan very carefully, and assign to each individual his share, and go on regularly. In fact even beavers do this. Now there are a great many kinds of dams which you might build. Let us consider first what we shall do. I will go and sit down on that stone, and you may all come around me, and we will talk it all over."

16. "See there," said the little boy who warned the boys of the approach of the master; "the dam is all washing away."

The boys looked around, and saw that the water was pouring swiftly over the top of the dam, at the breach which Jack had made. As the stream passed over, it washed sod after sod away, and threatened soon to destroy entirely the whole fabric which the boys had made.

17. Several boys ran to stop the breach.

"Never mind," said the master, "let it go; we shall form a better plan than that."

The boys stood looking at the torrent, as swelling more and more, it burst over its frail barrier, and glided swiftly away into the stream below. They then gathered around the master, to hear what he had to say.

LESSON XLII.

THE LITTLE MILLDAM.

[Continued.]

1. "Now boys," said the master, "I propose that we proceed in a regular, systematic manner, as men do, when they unite to accomplish any common object. You will see what is the advantage of system and regularity before we get through."

The boys seemed well enough pleased with the idea of proceeding systematically and regularly, though they looked somewhat puzzled, as if they hardly knew what system and regularity would require in building a boys' dam.

2. "In the first place, are you sure that you have got the best spot?"

"I think it is a very good place," said James, a tall, black-eyed boy, who seemed to be one of the older boys, although he had not spoken before; he was neatly dressed, and had in his hand a sort of cane, which he had made from a straight shoot of an apple-tree in his father's garden.

3. "In order to have a good place for a dam," continued the master, "what is necessary?"

"It ought to be a good deep place," said Jack Wilder. "I don't think that place is worth a straw; I can find a dozen places better than that."

"I think," continued the master, in reply to his own question, "that the stream ought to be pretty narrow just where the dam is to be, and then the dam itself can be made easily; and the banks ought

to recede from each other just above, so as to form a large basin, and then the pond will be large when it is filled."

4. "Yes, sir," said all the boys.

"Well, I propose that we appoint a committee of two boys to go along the brook, to examine it, and find the best possible place. Perhaps they will select two or three places, and tell us about them, and then we can choose. Should you like such a plan?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir;" said the boys.

5. The master nominated two of the boys for the purpose, and said to them,

"You must examine the whole stream, far up and down, or at least as far as we can conveniently go in recess, and if you are in doubt you must report several places, with the reasons in favour of each."

"When shall we do it?" asked one of the committee.

6. "They had better go and do it now," said Jack Wilder. "I will go and help them. Come."

"No," said the master, "you must not volunteer to go and help them; they are regularly appointed, and must do it alone. We shall presently determine when we shall wish them to report, and then they must be left to make the examination whenever they please, only they must be ready at that time. We may want you, Jack, for some other service."

7. "There are several other committees which we must appoint, in order that our preparations may be properly made. What shall we make the dam of?"

"Sods," said the boys.

"Are sods the best things to make it of?"

"Yes, sir," said James; "the boys always make them of sods."

8. "We can get better ones than these," said Jack Wilder.

"Yes," said James, "there are some noble ones over there, on the bank," pointing with his cane.

"Do you know," asked the master, "how the beavers make their dams?"

The boys hesitated, and looked at one another.

9. "My father has got an account," said little John, "in his library."

"Did you ever read it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, do not you remember any thing about it?"

John did not reply; and while they were all hesitating on this subject, Samuel, who had remained sitting on the bank where he was at first, during all this conversation, arose and said respectfully to the teacher,

"I believe, sir, the first thing they do is to gnaw off a tree and lay it across the stream."

10. "What is that for?"

"To make the dam strong," said Jack Wilder. "That is a capital plan; we'll do ours so."

"How shall we get down the tree?" said James, addressing himself to Jack Wilder; "you don't expect we can gnaw it down like the beavers, do you?"

11. "We can bring an axe and cut it down; I can cut one down myself," said Jack, eagerly; "there's no difficulty in that."

"Who shall bring an axe?" said the master; "we must appoint a committee for that too. A committee of one will do; who shall he be?"

"I can bring my father's," said James.

12. "Perhaps he may want to use it, or he may be afraid we shall dull it."

"Why can't we take a log off of the school wood-pile?" said one of the boys; "there are some there which are just the thing."

"Whom does the school wood-pile belong to?" asked the teacher.

13. "It belongs to the school,' said Jack, "so we have a right to take it."

"I don't know that," said the teacher; "it belongs to the *district*, who have bought it to be used for school. I think we have no right to take it to make a dam of. We will not have any thing in the dam but what we get honestly."

14. "Will a *little* axe do?" asked John, timidly.

"Why, what if it will?"

"Why, I have got a little one which my father bought me. I *know* I can bring that, for my father lets me do what I please with it."

"This is just what we want, John; I appoint you a committee to bring an axe. What else is to be done?"

15. "Nothing else," said Jack; "we shall not want any thing but an axe."

"I don't know," said the master; "I believe we shall want a good many more things. But," added he, taking out his watch, "it is time for me to go in. The recess is nearly out, so that I believe we shall have to leave the business here. We must not neglect our duties for our play; if we do, it will soon cease to give us any pleasure."

16. The boys looked disappointed and sorry, th

the time of their recess had expired just as they became most interested in forming their plans.

"When shall I bring the axe?" said little John, walking backwards before the master, as he was walking slowly away.

"Oh," said the teacher, "I forgot; I think it will be well to wait, and not do any thing about it until we have appointed the other committees. Though, on the whole, you may bring it, if you please, this afternoon; we may want to use it."

17. It need not be said, that nothing was talked of or thought of among the boys, during the intermission at noon, but the dam and the committees. All the details of the arrangements, so far as they were made, were fully talked over. Jack Wilder was as eager and as earnest as any of them; his whole soul was in the work. He said he would have a dam large enough to turn a mill.

18. The boys gathered around the spot half an hour before school-time in the afternoon, talking over all the plans; but the master was not there, and nothing could be done. They were impatient for school to begin, that it might in due time bring the recess. But their impatience neither hurried nor retarded its approach. It came just at the usual time. The boys poured out in a torrent, and in a minute or two after, the master came walking slowly after them.

19. "Well," said the master, when they were all fairly on the ground, "how far have we got in appointing our committees?"

"I was to give an axe," said little John, eagerly; "and here it is," continued he, holding up a small

but sharp axe, which, from its size, seemed to be made for such a purpose as this.

20. "Let's see it," said Jack Wilder; "that's a real one."

"We also appointed a committee to choose a place; but before asking them what they have done, we will make some other necessary arrangements."

"In the first place, whose land is this?"

21. "I believe," said James, "it belongs to Mr. Williamson's farm."

"Do you think, then, we ought to make a dam upon it without his permission?"

"He won't care."

"I don't believe it belongs to him," said Jack Wilder; "it belongs to the school. We have a right to do what we've a mind to, here."

22. "When they build a school-house," replied the master, "I believe they generally buy a small piece of land, only large enough for the purpose; that is, a place to put the building upon, and a small yard opposite. Now should you think that the school land extended as far as here?"

The boys all admitted reluctantly that it could not. There was a pause. They all were disappointed and sad at the appearance of this unexpected difficulty.

23. "I don't think it would be right," continued the master, "for us to do any thing of this kind, on another man's land, without his permission. And besides, it will be much pleasanter for us to have it, for then we shall feel safe. We shall have a good title, as men say in such a case; they are always careful to have a good title, before they commence

any work of this kind. But how we shall get our title is the question."

24. The boys were silent, and looked one at an other, entirely at a loss what to say or do. They secretly thought that the teacher was far too scrupulous in this case.

At last little John ventured to say that he thought if the teacher would go and ask Mr. Williamson, he guessed that he would let them make their dam.

"I might ask him," said the teacher, "but one of you can do it just as well. Why cannot we do this as we have done our other business?—*appoint* some one to do it."

25. The countenances of the boys brightened at this proposal, and the teacher requested them to name some one, who would be a good person to undertake the negotiation with Mr. Williamson. After some hesitation, one of the boys named Samuel, as he was older than the rest; but Samuel looked embarrassed, and said that he would a little rather not do it.

26. "Why," said the teacher, smiling, "what are you afraid of?"

"I don't know," replied Samuel; "I should rather some one else would go."

"Well, we must not compel Samuel to go," replied the teacher. "But then reflect," continued he, addressing himself to Samuel, "that all these boys want you to do it; here is a service, which, if it is performed successfully, will promote the plans and the happiness of a great number.

27. "It is perfectly proper to make such a request; there is no probability that it will be denied. There

certainly cannot come from it any injury, for the worst that can be anticipated is, that Mr. Williamson should say, 'No;' and have not you got courage to hear a man say No?"

Samuel laughed, and, after a little more hesitation, said he would go, and do as well as he could.

28. Various other committees were raised. Two boys were commissioned to go and look at a place where clay could be found, for the teacher told them that clay was the best substance to retain water, and if a good bed of it could be found near, it would be well to line the inside of their dam with it.

29. Others were appointed to find a suitable place to get turf if they should need any, and another still to bring a spade or a hoe to school the next day. And finally two boys were commissioned to look around in the woods to find a small tree, about eight inches in diameter, which would do to place across, to strengthen the dam; and Samuel was requested to ask permission of Mr. Williamson to cut such a one down.

In this, and in similar arrangements, the second recess was consumed, and the boys then returned to their labours in school.

LESSON XLIII.

THE LITTLE MILLDAM.

[Concluded.]

1. That night, after school, Samuel went with a trembling heart on his mission. He walked slowly

along the road until he came to a large farm-house. It stood back from the road in a snug little nook, formed by a turn of the road, and the swelling of the land around and behind it. The house was of one story, and painted red; and there was in the spacious yards and numerous out-buildings an air of prosperity and thrift, which makes an American farm-house so often an agreeable picture.

2. Samuel turned up into the yard, inwardly wishing that he had got fairly through his mission. As he was walking up towards the door, he saw that the farmer was busy, with several of his men, laying a wall for the underpinning of a small building which he was about to put up. Samuel's unwillingness to execute the commission intrusted to him, was sensibly increased when he saw himself coming into the farmer's presence, and especially when he saw that he was busy, and that he was surrounded with other men.

3. He hesitated for a moment, but he reflected that very probably one great object that the teacher had in view in interesting himself in the plays of the boys, and especially in sending him on such a commission as this, was to teach them all business habits, and to fit them to transact with more energy and system the more important business, in which they would in after-life all be from time to time engaged.

4. "It is," thought he, "as the teacher said, "perfectly proper for me to attend to this business, and it will teach me a good lesson." So saying, he pushed forward boldly towards the place where the farmer was at work, and stood before him waiting

till he should be a moment at leisure, as he thought, but really waiting because he did not like to begin.

5. They who have any duty to perform, if they procrastinate it a moment after the proper time for its execution has arrived, only increase the difficulty of executing it at all; and the longer it is delayed, the more difficult it is to begin. So Samuel found it in this case. He waited and waited, hoping that some favourable moment would arrive, but in vain. He might have known that it would have been in vain to wait, for the farmer had no idea that he wished to speak to him, and consequently went on with his work, talking with his men about the stones and the manner of laying them, and apparently taking no notice that a boy was looking on.

6. At last, however, Samuel became tired of waiting, and wished that he had spoken when he first came up. He now saw that it would have been much more easy to have done it then than after so long a delay. At last, however, after making a desperate effort, he succeeded in saying,

"Mr. Williamson, the boys want me to ask you to let us build a dam on your land."

7. "What?" said Mr. Williamson, looking up surprised, as if he had not rightly understood what Samuel had said to him.

"The boys want to know if you will let them build a dam behind the school-house on your land."

"The boys? what boys?"

"The boys that belong to the school."

8. "What do they want to build a dam for?"

"Only for play," said Samuel; "they want to build

a dam behind the school-house, and we heard the land was yours."

"It seems to me this is a strange request," said the farmer. "Boys are not usually quite so scrupulous. I don't understand it."

"Why, the boys want to build a dam, and the master said we had no right to do it on your land without your leave."

9. "Oh, ho," said the farmer, "the master; yes, tell the boys they may build as many dams as they please. I am not afraid of their floating much land," said he, looking at the men who were working with him, and laughing; "and tell the boys," continued he, "that I am very glad they are so careful about the right of property."

10. "There is one thing more," said Samuel, who now felt quite assured and self-possessed, in consequence of the success of his first petition; "there is one thing more; they wanted me to ask you if they might cut down a small tree about eight inches through."

"A tree?" said the farmer, "a tree; why, that is another thing altogether. I don't like to have my trees cut down."

11. "We only want one," said Samuel.

"Let me think," said the farmer—"a tree; what kind of a tree do you want?"

"I don't know," replied Samuel; "they did not tell me what kind; I suppose any tree will do."

"What do they want it for?"

"To make the dam with."

12. "To make the dam with? you are going on a great scale. Yes, I suppose I must let you have a

tree; but then you must go back on the hill for it. I don't like to have any of the trees cut down in the field there back of the school-house."

"How far back must we go?"

13. "Oh, I don't know; go up as far as you conveniently can. I had rather they would cut down a hemlock too, if it would answer their purpose as well; but at any rate they may have one; and I wish you would tell them that I am glad they take care to get leave; it is always best to secure a good title."

14. The following day was a busy scene at the brook behind the school-house; the boys were all on the spot at the commencement of the recess. The various committees appeared with their reports, and all with a spirit of enterprise and zeal which would have been amply sufficient to accomplish a much more important undertaking. Several places for the dam were proposed. One was objected to, because the banks where the dam would come were too far apart, so as very much to increase the labour of constructing the dam.

15. Another, because, though the stream was narrow where the dam would be formed, the banks above did not recede from each other as they ought to, so as to form a large basin to be filled with water when it should rise. A third was too far up the stream, as it made the distance from the school inconvenient. The master explained to the boys that here was a case in which the majority must govern.

16. "How easy it would be now," said he, "for each one of you to form an opinion, not all to go to talking loudly and boisterously about it, each main-

taining his own opinion, and determining not to yield to the others. Then if one party should undertake to begin in one place, the others might begin in another, and thus we might have rival and contending parties.

17. "Men have contrived a way to avoid all such danger. They first give each man an opportunity to say all that he wishes to, and then they quietly vote, with the understanding that the majority will rule. Will you do so now?"

"Yes, sir," said all the boys, cordially.

18. While the master had thus been speaking, the boys had formed themselves into a ring around him; and they were now called upon, one by one, to say all they had to say before the question was finally taken. Most of the boys said nothing, for they were not accustomed to regular debate. Various opinions were, however, expressed by others, and then the question was taken. The boys differed in their final vote, but there was a majority in favor of a place a little further up the stream than the late dam, and the boys all seemed to acquiesce pleasantly in the decision. "I have taught them," thought the teacher, as he saw their pleasant countenances, "one good lesson in republicanism."

19. The teacher was right. I do not know how much arithmetic or geography he had taught them that day. But that short period of fifteen minutes, with its lessons in the exercise of judgment and of calm deliberation, and in the sacrifice of individual preference to the general welfare, and cheerful co-operation for a common purpose, may possibly have been the most valuable fifteen minutes of the day.

20. After the place for the dam was thus chosen, the boys said, that the first thing was, to cut down the tree. "No," said the teacher, "that is not the first thing. I have often heard mothers complain, when boys were at work upon dams and ponds, that they wet their feet, and mudded their clothes, so as to give them a great deal of trouble. Now we must avoid that; and in order to do it, we must make, first, a little channel on one side of the place where the dam is going to be, so as to allow the water to pass off there. Then we must put some good dry earth down over the rest of the bed of the stream, so as to have a neat dry place to work in."

21. The boys agreed that this was a good plan; and in a short time this object was accomplished, by the help of a hoe which one of the boys had brought. They made a deep cut on one side of the bed of the stream, as the teacher had proposed, large enough to allow all the water to pass through, so that they might finish the dam completely before they stopped up the passage. They then began to think of going up the stream for a tree.

22. The teacher told them, that as the farmer wished them to go as far up the stream as possible, there must be a little calculation in order to determine how far up they could go. He told them, too, that he thought the best plan was for one of the boys to take his watch, and then all the boys could walk along the path which led into the woods, until five minutes of the recess were out. "Then," said the teacher, "you will have five minutes to cut down the tree; and after that, five minutes more to return.

Do you think you can cut down the tree in five minutes?"

"Yes, sir," said all the boys.

23. "Well," said the teacher, "you know we must all be in when the recess has expired; so that if you meet with any difficulties, you must leave your tree until next time, should you not get it down and cut and trimmed and prepared to bring back, at the time allotted. Here," said he, "Jack Wilder, you may carry the watch, but remember you must do nothing else, on any account; and the other boys must leave their work, and set out on their return, immediately, when you say it is time."

24. Then he sat upon the green bank, and saw the company of boys going off on their expedition, Jack Wilder before the rest, holding the watch very carefully, and keeping an almost constant eye upon the minute hand. "The boy is learning a lesson of carefulness," thought he; "and he needs it, for he is the most careless boy of the company."

25. Thus far several days had elapsed, during which no *visible* progress had been made. The stream flowed as before, without obstruction, and some of the little boys began to be impatient. When, however, at length, the work actually commenced, it proceeded rapidly, and in what some of the boys called a magnificent style. They brought down from the hill the trunk of the tree which they had cut, and they fastened the two ends firmly into the bank on each side, digging trenches for the purpose.

26. They then took a great number of small stakes made of the limbs of their tree, and drove them down obliquely on the upper side of the log which

they had placed across, the upper ends of the stakes resting against the log. They then banked up the upper side of the dam with earth, so as to form quite a pathway on the top. A passage-way was left for the water, which they contrived to arch over with stones, the teacher having explained the principles of the arch, and shown them how to construct it in this instance. The work was thus completed, though it was perfectly dry, as the water had passed unobstructed under the arch during all their operations.

27. At last, one day, at the beginning of the recess, one of the boys was commissioned to stop up the arch and allow the dam to fill. The boys leaped around it with delight as the water rose, filling every corner and every indentation in the shore, and rising higher and higher, until it was nearly level with the top. They ran back and forth across the path which the broad top of the dam afforded, and leaped in exultation across the stream where it fell into the capacious basin which they had enclosed.

28. The teacher sat on the bank, enjoying their pleasure. The enjoyment which the whole scene had afforded him, did not arise *merely* from the thought that he had been most effectually teaching them habits of order and system in the transaction of business. He sympathized with them in the pleasure of the work: it was amusement to him as well as to them; for, though he was a man, he had not ceased to partake in the feelings of the boy.

LESSON XLIV.

THE TRUANT BOY'S END.

1. The story of the truant, related in the twenty-fifth lesson, was left unfinished. Some scholars might suppose, if that were all of it, that he was not so very foolish, in preferring a pleasant afternoon's excursion in that beautiful boat, to the studies of the school-room. But listen to what became of him.

2. This was the beginning of his departure from duty. One sin leads on to another; and he that *begins* to transgress, knows not to what lengths he may go. Many a boy has begun with swearing and sabbath-breaking, who has at last committed some great crime that led him to the gallows!

3. Henry little imagined, when he was hesitating whether to go to school, or to lay down his books under the tree, and jump into the boat, what the consequences of his decision would be. He had no idea *then*, of beginning and continuing a course of transgression, that would lead him so far and so fatally astray. But see what ensued.

4. Henry soon lost all interest in his studies. His lessons were neglected; he was idle and mischievous at school. He not only wasted his own time, and abused all his privileges, but was constantly trying to tempt others from doing their duty. If a studious boy sat near him, who was determined not to be tempted by Henry's offers of nuts or apples, he was sure to be teased by him, in every possible way,

until the faithful scholar was obliged, in self-defence, to request his teacher to give him another seat.

5. At last he was avoided by every good boy. Still he would not break away from temptation, but continued to indulge in sin.

One day his instructor, after many and fruitless efforts to reclaim Henry, called upon Mr. Jones, and the following conversation passed between them :

6. *Instructor.* Mr. Jones, it gives me great pain to inform you, that the conduct of your son is such at school, that we are under the necessity of requesting that he may be removed. He is so young, that I regret it the more ; but he is absent most of the time, and when he does come, he spends his days in idleness, or in making trouble in the school.

7. *Mr. Jones.* Oh, sir, I cannot tell you how much I have suffered, in consequence of my son's cond---

for the last few months. He was once a very affectionate, obedient and happy child. He loved his books and his home, and we were all very happy. But now we fear that he is ruined, and his mother and I have often wept together, as we have thought of the gloomy prospect before him.

8. *Instructor.* I regret exceedingly, sir, the course your son seems disposed to take. I have done every thing in my power to bring him back to duty and to happiness, but all in vain. It is now necessary for the welfare of the other members of the school, that he should be taken away.

9. *Mr. Jones.* You do perfectly right, sir. Good boys should not be exposed to the influence of the bad. But what shall I do with our unhappy son? His poor mother's heart is already broken by his misconduct, and oh, how heavily will these new tidings weigh upon her!

10. Henry was removed from school. His character was gone, and he could not meet any one, even in the streets, without feelings of disgrace and shame. As he grew older, he began to associate still more constantly and intimately with the vicious. He became daily more hardened in sin, and every one felt that he was a ruined boy.

11. One pleasant afternoon he was going by the school-house, alone and friendless, when he saw all the school-boys playing ball upon the green. It was recess, and the loud shouts of the happy boys, increased the sense of guilt and sorrow which weighed upon him. He remembered that once he was as happy as they. He could join in the shout and the laugh. He was in honour and was beloved. But now

he was despised,—with none to love him, or to feel interested in him.

12. A rap upon the window called the school-boys from their play; and, with smiling countenances and cheerful spirits, they hastened to their studies. They were preparing for lives of usefulness, and their parents at home were happy, as they daily witnessed their obedience and affection.

13. Henry sat down alone by the side of the fence, and burst into tears. "Oh!" said he, "what would I give, if I never had neglected duty, and were again among my schoolmates, as happy and as beloved as they! But now I have no friends and no pleasures, I am the most wretched boy in town."

14. Poor Henry! how much he was to be pitied! And, yet, he had no one to blame but himself, for his sorrows. If he would now truly repent and amend, he might be happy. He might regain the confidence of his friends, and by diligent application to his studies, make up, in some degree, for the time he had thrown away.

15. But, miserable as he was, he had not resolution to break away from his wicked companions, and to lay aside his vicious habits; and, although he was every day suffering the consequences which God has appointed for the guilty, he would still persevere in the same course.

16. It is not necessary to follow out the mournful history of this unhappy and guilty boy. As he grew in years he became more hardened in idleness and sin. He could not obtain any situation of honourable employment. He had lost his reputation, and was in disgrace, and no one would trust business in his hands

17. At last he went to sea. He was placed under stern command—he had to meet the storms and tempests of the ocean;—and when the waves were dashing around him, and the wind howling, and the rain falling, he often thought with bitterness and with tears of the village school—of the pleasant summer afternoon when he first yielded to temptation. Yes, in that little boat, upon the calm and beautiful river, Henry commenced that course which led to this life of sin and wo.

18. When his voyages were over, he tried to bury the recollection of his early innocence and happiness, by plunging into the haunts of vice. There was no length of dissipation to which he would not go. He became a miserable, abandoned, and tattered sailor. He wandered about the streets of New-York, seeking employment in vain. One cold morning in January, he was found a corpse upon one of the wharves of the city, where he had died, in consequence of intemperance and exposure to the cold. His mother died before him of a broken heart, and the grey hairs of his father went down with sorrow to the grave.

LESSON XLV.

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND HIS HATCHET.

1. George, when a little boy, had received from his father a hachet; and he, much pleased with his present, walked around the house trying its keen edge upon every thing which came within his reach.

At last he came to a favourite peartree of his father's, and began with great dexterity to try his skill in felling trees. After hacking upon the bark until he had completely ruined the tree, he became tired and went into the house.

2. Before long, his father passing by, beheld his beautiful tree entirely ruined; and entering the house, he earnestly asked who had been guilty of the destruction. For a moment George trembled and hesitated. He was strongly tempted to deny that he knew any thing about it. But summoning all his courage, he replied, "Father, I cannot tell a lie. I cut it with my hatchet." His father clasped him in his arms and said, "My dear boy, I would rather lose a thousand trees than have my son a liar."

3. This little anecdote shows that George Washington, when a boy, was too brave and noble to tell a lie. He had rather be punished, than be so mean and degraded as to utter a falsehood. He did wrong to cut the peartree, though perhaps he did not know the extent of the injury he was doing. But had he denied that he did it, he would have been a cowardly and disgraceful liar. His father would have been ashamed of him, and would never have known when to believe him.

4. If little George Washington had told a lie then, it is by no means improbable that he would have gone on from falsehood to falsehood, till every body would have despised him. And he would thus have become a disgrace to his parents and friends, instead of a blessing to his country and the world. No boy who has one particle of that noble spirit which George Washington had, will tell a lie. It is one

of the most degrading of sins. There is no one, who does not regard a liar with contempt.

5. Almost always when a lie is told, two sins are committed. The first is, the child has done something which he knows to be wrong. And the second is, that he has not courage enough to admit it, and tells a lie to hide his fault. And therefore when a child tells a lie, you may always know that that child is a coward. George Washington was a brave man. When duty called him he feared not to meet danger and death. He would march to the mouth of the cannon in the hour of battle; he would ride through the field when bullets were flying in every direction, and strewing the ground with the dead, and not a nerve would tremble.

6. Now we see that George Washington was brave when a boy, as well as when a man. He scorned to tell a lie, and like a noble-hearted boy as he was, he honestly avowed the truth. Every body admires courage, and every body despises cowardice. The liar, whether he be a boy or a man, is looked upon with disgust.

7. There was once a boy, whose father sent him to ride a few miles upon an errand, and told him particularly not to stop by the way. It was a beautiful and sunny morning in the spring; and, as he rode along by the green fields, and heard the singing of the birds as they flew from tree to tree, he felt as light-hearted and as happy as they. After doing his errand, however, as he was returning by the house where two of his friends and playmates lived, he thought he could not resist the temptation just to call a moment to see them. He thought there would

be no great harm if he merely stopped a minute or two, and his parents would never know it.

8. Here commenced his sin. He stopped, and was led to remain longer and longer, till he found he had passed two hours in play. Then, with a troubled conscience, he mounted his horse and set his face towards home. The fields looked as green, and the skies as bright and cloudless, as when he rode along in the morning; but oh, how different were his feelings! Then he was innocent and happy; now he was guilty and wretched. He tried to feel easy, but he could not; conscience reproached him with his sin. He rode sadly along, thinking what excuse he should make to his parents for his long absence, and by-and-by he saw his father at a distance coming to meet him.

9. His father, fearing that some accident had happened, left home in search of his son. The boy trembled and turned pale as he saw him approaching, and hesitated whether he had better confess the truth at once and ask forgiveness, or endeavour to hide the crime with a lie. Oh, how much better it would have been for him if he had acknowledged the truth! But one sin almost always leads to another. When this kind father met his son with a smile, the boy said, "Father, I lost the road, and it took me some time to get back again, and that is the reason why I have been gone so long."

10. His father had never known him to be guilty of falsehood before, and he did not doubt that what he said was true. But, oh how guilty, and ashamed, and wretched did that boy feel, as he rode along! His peace of mind was destroyed. A heavy weight of conscious guilt pressed upon his heart. The boy

went home and repeated the lie to his mother. It is always thus when we turn from the path of duty; we know not how widely we shall wander. Having committed one fault, he told a lie to conceal it, and then added sin to sin, by repeating and persisting in his falsehood.

11. What a change had one short half-day produced in the character and the happiness of this child! His parent had not yet detected him in his sin, but he was not on that account free from punishment. Conscience was at work, telling him that he was degraded and guilty. His look of innocence and his lightness of heart had left him. He was ashamed to look his father or mother in the face. He tried to appear easy and happy, but he was uneasy and miserable. A heavy load of conscious guilt rested upon him which destroyed all his peace.

12. When he retired to bed that night he feared the dark. It was long before he could quiet his troubled spirit with sleep. And when he awoke in the morning, the consciousness of his guilt had not forsaken him. There it remained fixed deep in his heart, and would allow him no peace. He was guilty, and of course wretched.

13. The first thought which occurred to him on waking, was the lie of the preceding day. He could not forget it. He was afraid to go into the room where his parents were, lest they should discover by his appearance that he had been doing something wrong. And though, as weeks passed away, the acuteness of his feelings in some degree abated, he was all the time disquieted and unhappy. He was continually

fearing that something would occur which should lead to his detection.

14. Thus things went on for several weeks, till one day the gentleman at whose house he stopped called at his father's on business. As soon as this boy saw him come into the house, his heart beat violently, and he turned pale with the fear that something would be said that would bring the whole truth to light. The gentleman after conversing a few moments with his Father, turned to the little boy and said, "Well, how did you get home the other day? my boys had a very pleasant visit from you."

15. Can you imagine how the boy felt? You could almost have heard his heart beat. The blood rushed into his face, and he could not speak, and he dared not raise his eyes from the floor. There, the whole truth was out. And how do you suppose that boy felt? He had disobeyed his parents, told a lie to conceal it, had for weeks suffered the pangs of a guilty conscience, and now the whole truth was discovered. He stood before his parents overwhelmed with shame, convicted of disobedience, and mean degrading falsehood.

16. This boy was all the time suffering the consequences of his sin. For many days he was enduring the reproaches of conscience, when the knowledge of his crime was confined to his own bosom. How bitterly did he suffer for the few moments of forbidden pleasure he had enjoyed. The way of the transgressor is always hard. Every child who does wrong, must, to a greater or less degree, feel the same sorrows. This guilty child, overwhelmed with confusion and disgrace, burst into tears, and im-

plored his parents' forgiveness. But he was told by his parents, that he had sinned not only against them, but against God. The humble child went to God in penitence and in prayer. He made a full confession of all to his parents, and obtained their forgiveness; and it was not till then, that peace of mind was restored.

17. If you have done wrong, you had better confess it at once. Falsehood will but increase your sin, and aggravate your sorrow. Whenever you are tempted to say that which is untrue, look forward to the consequences. Think how much sorrow, and shame and sin you will bring upon yourself. Think of the reproaches of conscience, for you may depend upon it, that those reproaches are not easily borne.

LESSON XLVI.

BE KIND TO YOUR MOTHER.

1. "It was thirteen years since my mother's death, when, after a long absence from my native village, I stood beside the sacred mound, beneath which I had seen her buried. Since that mournful period a great change had come over me. My childish years had passed away, and with them my youthful character. The world was altered too; and, as I stood at my mother's grave, I could hardly realize, that I was the same thoughtless, happy creature, whose cheeks she so often kissed in an excess of tenderness.

2. "But the varied events of thirteen years had not effaced the remembrance of that mother's smile.

It seemed as if I had seen her but yesterday—as if the blessed sound of her well-remembered voice was yet in my ear. The gay dreams of my infancy and childhood were brought back so distinctly to my mind, that had it not been for one bitter recollection, the tears I shed would have been gentle and refreshing. The circumstance may seem a trifling one, but the thought of it now pains my heart, and I relate it that those children who have parents to love them, may learn to value them as they ought.

3. "My mother had been ill a long time, and I became so accustomed to her pale face and weak voice, that I was not frightened at them, as children usually are. At first, it is true, I sobbed violently, but when day after day, I returned from school, and found her the same, I began to believe that she would always be spared to me. But they told me she would die.

4. "One day when I had lost my place in the class, and had done my work wrong side outward, I came home discouraged and fretful. I went to my mother's chamber. She was paler than usual, but she met me with the same affectionate smile, that always welcomed my return. Alas, when I look back through the lapse of thirteen years, I think my heart must have been stone not to have been melted by it. She requested me to go down stairs and bring her a glass of water. I pettishly asked why she did not call a domestic to do it. With a look of mild reproach which I shall never forget, if I live to be a hundred years old, she said, and will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?

5. "I went and brought her the water, but I

not do it kindly. Instead of smiling and kissing her, as I was wont to do, I set the glass down very quickly and left the room. After playing about a short time, I went to bed without bidding my mother good night. But, when alone in my room, in darkness and in silence, I remembered how pale she looked, and how her voice trembled when she said, "will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother!" I could not sleep. I stole into her chamber to ask forgiveness. She had sunk into an easy slumber, and they told me I must not waken her. I did not tell any one what troubled me, but stole back to my bed, resolved to rise early in the morning, and tell her how sorry I was for my conduct.

6. "The sun was shining brightly when I woke, and hurrying on my clothes, I hastened to my mother's chamber. She was dead! she never spoke more—never smiled upon me again—and when I touched the hand that used to rest upon my head in blessing, it was so cold that it made me start. I bowed down by her side and sobbed in the bitterness of my heart. I thought then I might wish to die, and be buried with her. And old as I now am, I would give worlds, were they mine to give, could my mother but have lived to tell me that she forgave my childish ingratitude. But I cannot call her back; and when I stand by her grave, and whenever I think of her manifold kindness, the memory of that reproachful look she gave me, will bite like a serpent and sting like an adder."

7. And when your mother dies, do you not think that you will feel remorse for every unkind word you have uttered, and for every act of ingratitude?

Your beloved parents must soon die. You will probably be led into their darkened chamber, to see them pale and helpless on their dying bed. Oh, how will you feel in that solemn hour? All your past life will come to your mind, and you will think that you would give worlds if you could blot out the remembrance of past ingratitude.

8. You will think that if your father or mother should only get well, you would never do any thing to grieve him or her again. But the hour for your parents to die must come. You may weep as though your heart would break, but it will not recall the past, and it will not delay their death. They must die; and you will probably gaze upon their cold and lifeless countenances in the coffin. You will follow them to the grave, and see them buried for ever from your sight. Oh, how unhappy you will feel, if you then have to reflect upon your misconduct! The tears you will shed over their graves will be the more bitter, because you will feel that, perhaps, your own misconduct hastened their death.

9. But perhaps you will die before your parents do. If you go into the graveyard, you will see the graves of many children. You know that the young are liable to die as well as the old. And what must be the feelings of the dying child, who knows that he is going to appear before God in judgement, and yet feels conscious that he has been unkind to his parents. Oh, such a child must fear to go into the presence of his maker. He must know that God will never receive into heaven children who have been so wicked.

10. I have seen many children die. And I have

seen some, who had been very amiable and pleasant all their lives, when they came to die, feel grieved that they had not been more careful to make their parents happy. I knew one affectionate little girl, who was loved by all who knew her. She hardly ever did any thing which was displeasing to her parents. But one day she was taken sick. The doctor was called, but she grew worse and worse. Her parents watched over her with anxiety and tears, but still her fever raged, and death drew nearer.

11. At last all hopes of her recovery were over, and it was known that she must die. Then did this little girl, when she felt that she must leave her parents for ever, mourn that she had ever done any thing to give them pain. The most trifling act of disobedience, and the least unkindness of which she had ever been guilty, then came fresh to her mind, and she could not die in peace, till she had called her father and her mother to her bedside, and implored their forgiveness. If so obliging and affectionate a little girl as this, felt so deeply in view of the past, when called upon to die, how agonizing must be the feelings, which will crowd upon the heart of the wicked and disobedient child, who has filled her parents' hearts with sorrow?

12. But you must also remember, that there is a day of judgement to come. You must appear before God to answer for every thing you have done or thought while in this world. Oh, how will the ungrateful child then feel? Heaven will be before him, in all its beauty and bliss, but he cannot enter.

"Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin and shame."

He has by his ingratitude made a home on earth unhappy, and God will not permit him to destroy the happiness of the homes in heaven.

13. He will see all the angels in their holiness and their joy, but he cannot be permitted to join that blessed throng. The frown of God must be upon him, and he must depart to that wretched world, where all the wicked are assembled. There he must live in sorrows which have no end. Oh, children, how great are your responsibilities! The happiness of your parents depends upon your conduct. And your ingratitude may fill your own lives with sorrow, and be highly displeasing to God. It is equally your duty and your interest, then, to love them, and obey them, that your homes on earth may be joyful, and that you may be prepared for happier homes beyond the skies.

LESSON XLVII.

NOT AGAINST THE RULE.

1. In a certain school, such a case as this once occurred. A number of little girls began to amuse themselves, during recess, with running about among the desks in pursuit of one another; and they told heir teacher, in excuse for it, that they did not now that it was "*against the rule.*"

"It is not against the rule," said the teacher; "I have never made any rule against running about among the desks."

2. "Then," asked they, "did we do wrong?"

"Do you think it would be a good plan," the teacher inquired, "to have it a common amusement during the recess, for the girls to hunt each other among the desks?"

"No, sir," they replied simultaneously.

"Why not? There are some reasons. I do not know, however, whether you will have the ingenuity to think of them."

3. "We may start the desks from their places," said one.

"Yes," said the teacher; "they are fastened down very slightly, so that I may easily alter their position."

"We might upset the inkstands," said another.

"Sometimes," added a third, "we run against the scholars who are sitting in their seats."

4. "It seems then you have ingenuity enough to discover the reasons. Why did not these reasons prevent you from doing it?"

"We did not think of them before."

"True; that is the exact state of the case. Now when persons are so eager to promote their own enjoyment, as to forget the rights and the comforts of others, it is *selfishness*. Now is there any rule in this school against selfishness?"

5. "No, sir."

"You are right. There is not. But selfishness is wrong,—very wrong, in whatever form it appears,—here, and every where else; and that, whether I make any rules against it or not."

6. "You see," continued the teacher, "that though there is but one rule of the school, I by no means intend to say that there is only *one way of doing wrong here*. That would be very absurd. You

must not do any thing which you may know, by proper reflection, to be in itself wrong. This however is a universal principle of duty. If I should attempt to make rules which would specify and prohibit every possible way by which you might do wrong, my laws would be innumerable. And even then I should fail of securing my object, unless you had the disposition to do your duty. No legislation could enact laws so fast as a perverted ingenuity might find means to evade them."

LESSON XLVIII.

THE UNGRATEFUL SCHOLAR.

1. In a school where nearly all the pupils were faithful and docile, there were one or two boys, who were determined to find amusement in those mischievous tricks, so common in schools and colleges. There was one boy in particular, who was the life and soul of all these plans. Devoid of principle, regardless of his own improvement, morose and sullen in his manners, he was, in every respect, a true specimen of the whole class of mischief-makers, wherever they are to be found. His mischief consisted, as usual, in such exploits as stopping up the keyhole, upsetting the teacher's inkstand, or fixing something to his desk to make a noise and interrupt the school.

2. It so happened, that there was a standing feud between the boys of this neighborhood, and those of another, situated a mile or two from it. By his

malicious activity, this ringleader in mischief had stimulated this quarrel to a high pitch, and was very obnoxious to the boys of the other party.

3. One day, when taking a walk, the teacher observed a number of boys with excited looks, all armed with sticks and stones, standing around a shoemaker's shop, into which his poor pupil had gone for refuge from them. They had got him completely within their power, and were going to wait until he should be wearied with his confinement, and come out, when they were going to inflict upon him the punishment they thought he deserved.

4. The teacher interfered; and by the united influence of authority, management, and persuasion, succeeded in effecting a rescue. The boy would probably have preferred to owe his safety to any one else, rather than to the teacher, whom he had so often tried to tease; but he was glad to escape in any way. The teacher said nothing about the subject, and the boy soon supposed it was entirely forgotten.

5. But it was not forgotten. The teacher knew perfectly well that the boy would, before long, be at his old tricks again, and was reserving this story as the means of turning the whole current of public opinion against such tricks, should they again occur.

6. One day he came to school, in the afternoon, and found the room filled with smoke; the doors and windows were all closed, though, as soon as he came in, some of the boys opened them. He knew by this circumstance, that it was roguery, not accident, which caused the smoke. He appeared not to notice it, however; said he was sorry it smoked; and asked the mischievous boy, (for he was sure to be always

near in such a case,) to help him fix the fire. The boy supposed it was understood to be accidental, and perhaps secretly laughed at the dulness of his master.

7. In the course of the afternoon, the teacher ascertained, by private inquiries, that his suspicions were correct, as to the author of the mischief. At the close of school, when the studies were ended, and the books laid away, he told the scholars that he wanted to tell them a story.

8. He then, with a pleasant tone and manner, gave a very minute, and, to the boys, a very interesting narrative of his adventure, two or three weeks before, when he rescued this boy from his danger. He called him, however, simply *a boy*, without mentioning his name, or even hinting that he was a member of the school. No narrative could excite a stronger interest, among an audience of school-boys, than such a one as this; and no act of kindness from a teacher, could make a more vivid impression, than the rescue of a trembling captive, from such a situation as this boy had been in.

9. The scholars listened with profound interest and attention. The teacher said little about his share in the affair, and spoke of what he did, as if it were a matter of course, that he should thus befriend a boy in distress. After he had finished his narrative, he said,

"Now should you like to know who this boy was?"

"Yes, sir;" "Yes, sir;" said they, eagerly.

10. "It was a boy that you all know."

The boys looked around upon one another. Who could it be?

"He is a member of this school."

There was an expression of fixed, and eager, and increasing interest, on every face in the room.

"He is here now," said the teacher, winding up the interest and curiosity of the scholars, by these words, to the highest pitch.

11. "But I cannot tell you his name; for what return do you think he made to me? To be sure it was no very great favour that I did him; I should have been unworthy of the name of teacher, if I had not done it for him, or for any boy in my school. But at any rate, it showed my good wishes for him; it showed that I was his friend; and what return do you think he made me for it? Why, to-day he spent his time between schools in filling the room with smoke, that he might torment his companions here, and give me trouble, and anxiety, and suffering, when I should come. If I should tell you his name, the whole school would turn against him for his ingratitude."

The business ended here, and it put a stop, a final stop, to all malicious tricks in the school.

LESSON XLIX.

GOD A CONSTANT TEACHER.

1. Lord, where'er my footsteps stray,
Whether through the meadows gay,
Over mountain, dale, or plain,
Or the wide and rolling main,
Every thing I hear and see
Testifies, O Lord! of Thee.

2. In the gentle breath of morn,
Stealing o'er the flowery lawn,
Or the perfum'd western breeze,
Sighing through the shady trees,
I can hear a whisper say,
God is round thee, *praise and pray.*

3. When the tempest, loud and high,
Rolls along the dark'ning sky,
And the sea, with hollow roar,
Chafes along the rocky shore,
Then I hear a spirit say,
God is present, *fear and pray.*

4. Thus, all things I hear and see
Testify, O Lord! of Thee;
Teaching me thou'rt ever nigh,
Watching me with careful eye,
And, by simplest lessons given,
Training me for Thee and heaven.

LESSON L.

A SIMILE.

1. The genial sun that smiles serene
Upon the verdant lap of spring,
With various beauty decks the green,
And prompts the feathered tribes to sing.

2. His are the bloom and grace displayed,
And his the perfume breath'd around,
His the sweet music of the shade,
With which the peopled groves resound.

3. So doth the sun of righteousness,
With quick'ning power, the soul illume,
Producing those delights which bless
Our transient journey towards the tomb.

4. His are the graces of the mind,
And his the social virtues dear;
His the sweet voice of friendship kind,
And his the sympathizing tear.

5. The soul that ne'er his influence knows
A cold and barren waste appears;
Like Alpine mountains clad with snows,
The product of a thousand years.

6. While that which feels the heavenly rays,
Like Eden blooms, and fears no blast;
Enriched with fruits of love and praise,
Beyond the realms of time to last.

GOOLD BROWN.

LESSON LI.

ABOUT THE SOUL.

1. ONE evening, Mrs. Stanhope took her seat by the table, and told Robert to come and sit by her. Eliza had gone to bed a little while before. Robert seemed glad to talk with his mother about his soul; and Mrs. Stanhope was also happy to talk with him, he was so still and attentive to what she said.

2. *Mother.* Robert, can you tell me what *matter* is?

Robert. Matter is any thing which I can see, hear, taste, smell, or touch.

M. What is *spirit?*

3. *R.* That something within me which thinks, and feels, and knows what is right and what is wrong. It has not form, colour, sound, taste, smell, hardness, or softness. You told me, mother, that it is the same as my *soul.*

M. You remember, Robert, we were talking, some days ago about William Baker.

4. *R.* I remember it, mother.

M. You know they put his body into a coffin, and carried it to the burying-ground; and there they lowered it down into the grave, and covered it all over with earth.

5. *R.* Yes, mother, and I went the other day to see little William's grave. I love to go there and think about him, only it makes me cry, sometimes. The grass now has grown all over his grave, and there is a white stone at one end of it, with his name on it, and it tells how old he was when he died.

6. *M.* When William Baker died, his body was put into the grave, but his soul was not. Your body, Robert, will be put into the grave, when you die, but your soul will not.

R. Will my soul live, mother, after my body is dead?

7. *M.* Robert, *your soul will never die.* Your body will die, and be laid in the grave, and turn to dust. But your soul will never die. It will live always.

R. I do not understand you, mother.

M. Look here, Robert, I will make as many marks on this slate as there are days in one year,

There, I have made the marks. Now, do you count them.

8. *R.* I have counted them, mother, and there are three hundred and sixty-five.

M. That is right: there are three hundred and sixty-five days in one year. If I were to make as many marks again, they all would be two years. Now, suppose I were to fill all the slate full of marks on both sides, how many years, do you suppose, they all would make?

9. *R.* I do not know, mother. Perhaps they would make as many as ten years.

M. Well, they would,—about that. Now, suppose I were to fill ten slates full, how many years would that make?

R. One hundred, mother; because ten tens make one hundred.

10. *M.* Suppose this room were full of slates—as full as it could hold, one piled on the top of another, and every slate were full of marks, and every mark made one year, how many years would they all make?

R. Oh! I do not know, mother—I could not count them.

11. *M.* Suppose every room in this house were full of slates, all covered with marks, and every house in this town full of them, and you should carry them all into a large field, and pile them all one on the top of another, how many years would they all make?

12. *R.* Oh! mother, no body could tell. It would take you all your life to count them.

M. Well, my son, your soul will live as many years as all the marks on all the slates would make.

R. And will my soul die then, mother?

13. *M.* No, Robert, it will not die then. *It will keep on living.* It will live as many years again as all the marks on the slates in the great pile. And then it will not die. It will keep on living. It will live as many years as all the marks would be on a hundred such piles of slates,—on a thousand such piles of slates—on as many such piles as you can think of, from the ground away up to the sky, one on the top of another. And *then your soul will not die. It will still keep on living. Your soul will live for ever. It will never, never die.*

14. *R.* Oh, mother, mother, how long my soul will live! I cannot think how long it will live. But where will it live? Where will it go to when I die? Who will take care of my soul? What will it do? Will it keep thinking? Will your soul, and mine, and dear sister Eliza's, go to the same place, mother, after we are all dead? Do you know? If you do, do tell me. I wish to know all about it very much indeed.

15. *M.* Robert, I am afraid we have not time now. But it shall not be long before I will tell you about it. You will have a great deal to learn about your soul; and about where it is going to, after your body is dead and laid in the grave; and what you must do, that your soul may be happy for ever. For remember, *your soul will never die. Your soul will live for ever*

16. Robert then went to bed; but he did not go to sleep for some time. He kept thinking about his soul, and wondering where it would go to, after his body should die, and be laid in the grave.—*From the Child's Book on the Soul.*

LESSON LII.

THE WAY TO BEAR PAIN.

1. We should learn to endure patiently the common afflictions of life. By exercising fortitude and submission we can greatly alleviate the evils we cannot avoid.

2. Every body has to bear pain. Perhaps there is no pain harder to bear, than the toothache, because we are thinking constantly of the sure, speedy, though very unpleasant remedy. When we complain, our friends say, "Well, why don't you have the tooth extracted?"

3. Now let us see how a boy bears the toothache? James has suffered three days with it. He has remained at home from school, and submitted patiently to the usual remedies for this disease. Sometimes the pain has been very severe, but he has not allowed himself to shed one tear, or for one moment to lose his self-command. At length his father and mother advised him to have the tooth extracted.

4. Poor James dreads the operation as much as any one. He considers the subject for some hours, and then resolves to submit to it manfully. He slips quietly out of the house, and directs his steps towards the dentist's. His voice falters a little as he

inquires if the doctor is at home. "Yes," is the reply, and James summons all his courage.

5. But he has passed the Rubicon, and the victory is his. "Sir," he says pleasantly, "can you extract a tooth for me this afternoon?" Arrangements are soon made, and James seats himself in the great arm-chair. It is all over in a moment, and he is on the way home. How light is his step, and how happy his heart! He knows that he has done his duty, and that he has exercised a becoming degree of fortitude.

6. How surprised is his mother to hear that the troublesome tooth is actually gone, and how approvingly his fathers smiles upon him!

George has been suffering with the same complaint, but as yet he cannot be induced to apply to a dentist for relief. He is fretful and peevish. He complains of every application, and of every proposed remedy he says, "It will do no good, and it is of no use to try it."

7. He is finally *hired* to have his tooth out, and he goes with his father to the dentist's. As soon as George finds himself in the presence of the Doctor he begins to cry. He declares that he cannot and will not have the tooth out, and that the operation will kill him. His father threatens, and the Doctor flatters, but all to no effect. At length he is compelled to open his mouth. His father holds his head and hands firmly, and the Doctor succeeds, in spite of George's efforts to the contrary, to place the instrument properly on the tooth, and now he screams loud enough to disturb the whole neighbourhood.

8. Who does not admire James's superior fortitude and resolution?

A restless, discontented spirit, is a serious injury to a sick person. It always retards recovery. The effect of medicine is often counteracted by this disposition.

9. A kind and judicious physician once advised a mother to punish severely her sick child. He told her that while her son manifested such a rebellious and fretful disposition, he would never recover. The nature of the disease was such, that a calm and quiet state of feeling was absolutely indispensable to a return of health. The mother found herself obliged to follow the physician's prescription, for it became evident that efficient measures must be taken to check the progress of disease.

10. It is always necessary to use self-control in sickness. There was a boy who suffered much with weak eyes; his friends thought he would have recovered much sooner if he could have been induced to give up crying altogether, but the boy had not self-command enough to do this. On every occasion when he was vexed or disappointed he would be found in tears. This always had the effect to increase the inflammation, and, no doubt, prolonged his sufferings.

11. The design of sickness is, not to call into exercise wicked and wrong feelings, but the opposite of these, *patience, fortitude, and submission.*

So with fatigue, when it is excessive it is certainly painful, but pain is in no way diminished by constant complaints. Who can sympathize very deeply with the boy who, when a little tired, is constantly talking about it, and making it an excuse for neglecting duty?

12. Some persons are always annoying their

friends, with a recital of their hardships and fatigues. True benevolence would rather wish to conceal that which could in no way be remedied by exposure. Persons of this description seldom have much energy of character. We should not think of trusting them with an undertaking of any importance, for we should know they did not possess sufficient firmness and resolution to make long continued effort.

13. A slight obstacle would dishearten them, and a serious difficulty entirely overwhelm them. Such persons will never shine in the world, for eminence is not to be attained without effort, and effort always involves fatigue, either of body or mind.

Boys often complain bitterly of cold weather. To be sure it is bad enough to have one's fingers ache, and ears tingle, but it makes a bad matter worse, when a boy whines and cries about it.

14. William is an example of manliness in this respect. When the hour for school arrives, he quietly collects his books, buttons on his great-coat, puts on his mittens, and courageously makes his way through the snow without a murmur or complaint. When he is in school, he pursues his studies, in spite of the chilling atmosphere, and soon forgets that it is a cold December morning. He is acquiring habits of self-control in his youth, which will prove a blessing to him as long as he lives.

15. "Who, most secure from future ills, would share
The joys of life, must be content to bear
Its many sorrows: calmly to sustain
The throes of anguish, and the pangs of pain;
To taste the sweets of life with life's alloy;
Resigned to suffer, grateful to enjoy."

LESSON LIII.

TWO WAYS TO READ THE BIBLE.

1. A BOY, whose parent, or whose sabbath-school teacher, has convinced him that he ought to read the Bible daily, takes his book and sits down by the fire, and reads away, rapidly and thoughtlessly, the portion which comes in course. He looks up occasionally, to observe the sports of his brothers and sisters, or to join in their conversation, and then returns again to the verse he left. In fifteen minutes he rises from his seat, shuts his book, and pushes it into its place upon the shelf, saying, "There—I have read my chapter;" and this is the last he knows or thinks of the Bible during the day.

2. Consider now another case. In an unfurnished and even unfinished little room, in some crowded alley of a populous city, you may see a lad, who has just arisen from his humble bed, and is ready to go forth to his daily duties. He is a young apprentice,—and must almost immediately go forth to kindle his morning fire, and to prepare his place of business for the labours of the day.

3. He first, however, takes his little Testament from his chest—and breathes, while he opens it, a silent prayer that God will fix the lesson that he is about to read, upon his conscience and his heart. "Holy Spirit," whispers he, "let me apply the instructions of this book to myself, and let me be governed by it to-day; so that I may perform faithfully all my duties to myself, to my companions, to my master, and to Thee."

4. He opens the book, and reads, perhaps, as follows:—"Be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love, with honour preferring one another." He pauses—his faithful self-applying thoughts run through the scenes through which he is that day to pass, and he considers in what cases this verse ought to influence him. "*Be kindly affectioned!*" I must treat my brothers and sisters, and all my companions, kindly to-day. I must try to save them trouble, and to promote their happiness. "*In honour preferring one another.*"

5. As he sees these words, he sighs to reflect how many times he has been jealous of his fellow-apprentices, on account of marks of trust and favour shown to them, or envious of the somewhat superior privileges enjoyed by those older than himself, and he prays that God will forgive him, and make him humble and kind-hearted in future, to all around him.

6. "*Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.*" He stops to consider whether he is habitually industrious, improving all his time in such a manner as to be of the greatest advantage to his master;—whether he is fervent in spirit—that is, cordially devoted to God's service, and full of benevolent desires for the happiness of all;—whether he serves the Lord in what he does; that is, whether all his duties are discharged from motives of love to his Maker and Preserver.

7. While he thus muses, the fire burns. He shuts his book, and asks God to protect him, as he now must go out into the labours and temptations of the day. God does bless and protect him. He has read, indeed, but *two verses;* but these verses he carries

in his heart, and they serve as a memorial of kindness and love to man, and fidelity toward God, which accompanies him wherever he goes, and keeps him safe and happy. The Bible is thus a light to his feet and a lamp to his paths. Which, now, of these, do you think, reads the Bible aright?

8. Let no child who reads this understand me to say that I consider *two verses* enough of the Bible to read each day. What I mean by this case is, that so much more depends upon the *spirit* and *manner* with which the Bible is read, than the *quantity*, that a very small portion properly read, may be far more useful than a much larger quantity hurried over in a careless and thoughtless manner.

LESSON LIV.

THE NATURE OF SIN.

1. THERE is one thing that children ought to understand very distinctly about sin; and that is, that its chief seat is the heart. It exists in *the heart*, and it is very difficult to drive it out from there. Two boys were quarrelling one day, on the road to school. They got very angry, and began to strike each other. This was sin; but the sin was not so much in the striking, as in the feelings of malice, hatred, and revenge, in their hearts.

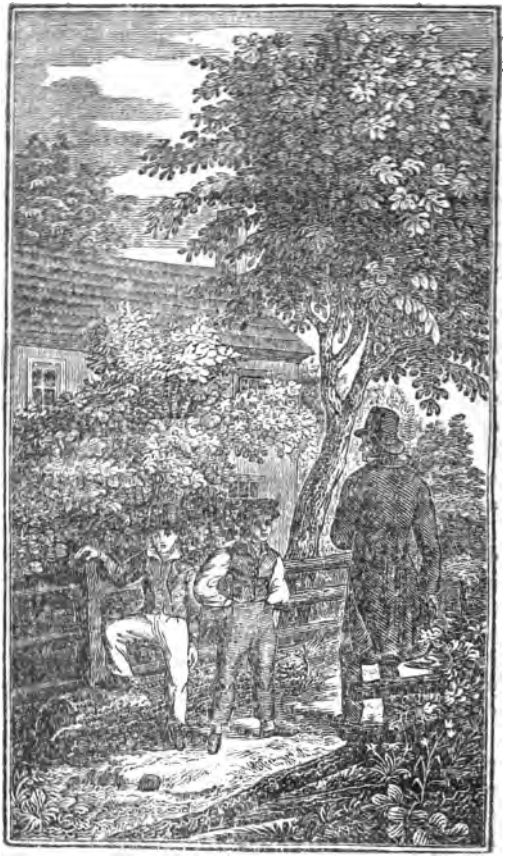
2. Presently they saw the teacher coming along; they were afraid of him; so they stopped striking each other, and walked along, calling each other hard names, and using all sorts of violent and threat-

ening language. This, too, was sin; but the sin did not consist so much in the angry and wicked words, as in the feelings of malice, hatred, and revenge in their hearts. Soon the teacher came up so near them that they could not talk without being overheard. They stopped talking, therefore, and walked along eyeing each other with ferocious and angry looks. This, too, was sin; but the sin was not so much in the looks, as in the malice, hatred, and revenge, which still raged in their hearts.

3. When the teacher came up actually to them, they dared no longer to show their passions in their looks, but walked along as if nothing were the matter; but the malice, and hatred, and revenge, still burned in their hearts as much as before. The mere coming up of the teacher had first stopped the sinful *actions*, then the sinful words, and at last the sinful looks; but the sin still remained in the heart as bad as ever: and there it would be very hard to reach it.

4. In fact, all sin is really in the heart. If a boy disobeys his father or mother, the great wickedness is in his disobedient, ungrateful heart, not in the action; and if he is afraid to do the action, while yet he has disobedient and ungrateful feelings at heart, it is almost as bad. Sometimes great sin is committed, while the child who commits it, seems to be doing nothing at all.

5. Two deceitful boys, for example, were one day going to fire a little cannon behind the house, in a place where they thought their father would not see them. So they got the powder and the fire, and loaded the cannon, feeling all the time guilty and wretched. Just then, they heard a noise, and one of



them said their father was coming; so they pushed the cannon under a log, threw away the fire, and stood still, trying to look unconcerned; their father, as he passed along, saw them, and supposed that they were about some innocent play, and went on.

6. Now, perhaps you may think, that the great sin which these boys committed, was getting the cannon and the powder, when they knew their father disapproved of it. But no, this was not their greatest sin. It was a very great sin, but not the greatest. The greatest was committed while they were standing there, doing nothing.

7. It was then that their hearts were in their most sinful state,—unfaithfulness, disobedience, deceit, hypocrisy, were the sins of heart, which they were committing, while they stood still, doing nothing, saying nothing, and looking careless and unconcerned. Thus you see that all sins really belong to the heart, and some of the very worst belong to the heart alone; and every child who reads or hears this will see, if he looks within, and thinks of his past life, that his heart often has been, and still is, sadly filled with sin.

LESSON LV.

THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH-BED.

1. MR. WODEN'S habits brought him, at length, to the brink of the grave. He was sick,—dangerously so. His friends conversed with him, telling him freely of his danger; for they had no hope of his recovery:

and also talked with him plainly of his former course. Of this, however, there was little need, for his mind began to wake up of itself, and he saw with the clearness of light, the wretchedness of his case.

2. His mother was very anxious on his account, and often conversed with him, with the hope of leading him to God. One evening he was lying pale and emaciated upon his bed. The setting sun shone calmly in at the western windows, and all around was quiet and reposed. His mother was the only person present, and there was nothing to disturb the peace of a dying man.

3. Still he was uneasy; he had that within his own bosom which destroyed his peace; turbulent passions, troubled thoughts, distressing doubts and fears, produced a commotion within, an anxiety that took away all repose. As he tossed about upon his bed, restless and uneasy, and sighed from heaviness of heart, his mother inquired if she could relieve him.

4. "Oh no!" he replied, "my bed is easy enough, but my conscience troubles me."

"What is the matter, Samuel?" asked his mother.

"Why, mother, I shall not live long, and I am afraid to die. I believe there is a God, and I am going to meet him; but how I shall meet him, I do not know. Within a few days I have been thinking of my past life, and am troubled about it."

5. "You know what Jesus Christ has said in regard to all who come to him."

"Yes, I know that; but then think, mother, how I have conducted. Oh what a life I have led! If I had sinned through ignorance or heedlessness, it would be different; but when I have gone on so wil-

fully, in spite of all that you have said, in spite of reason, and in spite of conscience, it troubles me to think of it. I know that God is merciful, but I had no right to sin as I have done."

6. "But, Samuel, God is willing to forgive the most sinful."

"Mother, I know that is said in the Bible; but wherever I turn,—whatever I do, conscience points out some sin of mine; and whenever I think of God, it seems as if he must be angry with me, and what shall I do?"

7. "Repent, and God will forgive you."

"Oh yes, you may say so, but conscience is fully awake now, and she says nothing but, 'God is a consuming fire.'"

Mrs. Woden went away to pray for her son, while he rolled in his bed, in restless agony. The time once was, when he could believe the word of God, and trust to his pardoning mercy. But now, after so long a course of sin, his conscience told him only of his displeasure.

8. Lucy watched with him that night, and as she rested in her easy-chair, with the lamp dimly burning by her side, the moon shining feebly in at the windows, and every thing around perfectly quiet, she distinctly heard his uneasy breath, his restless movement from side to side, and his deep-drawn sigh, as his thoughts troubled his repose.

9. The next morning, about eight, the doctor made his usual call; he found Samuel in his bed-room, with his mother by his side. The windows were open; the sun was shining brightly, the birds singing sweetly, and the morning was fair and beautiful.

"Good morning, Mr. Woden; it is too bad for you to be confined on bed such a day as this. How do you feel this morning?"

10. "I am not very well. I did not sleep much last night."

"Let me feel of your pulse?"

Samuel extended his thin, pale hand, to the doctor, who felt of his wrist, and in a moment laid it upon the bed, with a serious aspect of countenance. The doctor gave all necessary prescriptions and then went away. As he left the room, Mrs. Woden followed him, for she noticed his serious look.

11. "What do you think of him this morning, doctor?"

"He is very low, and I shall not be surprised at any moment to hear that he is gone."

Mrs. Woden returned to the bed-room, where she found Lucy sitting by her brother's bed-side, with her head resting upon her hand, for she also, from the change in the doctor's countenance feared that her brother was soon to go; the thought of seeing him no more, even though he had proved a curse to the family, was painful and grievous.

12. Mrs. Woden had many friends, who were constantly with her to render what assistance might be necessary; but they were seldom in the room with the sick man, for they wished to keep him as quiet as possible. And, besides, even Mrs. Woden wished to converse with him, and she thought the conversation would be more free if they were alone.

13. At this time, none were present but the family. Mr. Woden was lying upon his bed, which was in disorder from his restlessness the past night. His

limbs were emaciated, his countenance was thin and white, his eyes were sunken into their sockets, and the skin was dark around them. As he tossed upon his bed, and as his bright eye moved restlessly from object to object, there was manifested that energy which arises from uneasiness and anxiety.

14. Lucy sat, as I have mentioned above, with a moistened eye at his bed-side. Mrs. Woden entered the room in sadness, and seating herself upon the bed, looked mournfully upon her son.

Without, the shining sun, and singing birds gave to every thing an air of cheerfulness. Within, there was the appearance of calm and quiet sorrow. But the patient's mind was disturbed by fear and anxiety.

15. As he looked round the room, he felt the spirit of sorrow which was there; he quickly learned by the serious look and moistened eye, how his friends viewed his case. He knew that they looked upon him as a dying man; and as he thought of the change that awaited him, his heart fainted within him.

16. "O mother, what shall I do? but why do you look so at me? am I going to die? not yet; am I? Oh! I can't die now. Mother, I wish you would look more cheerful; you make me afraid when you look at me so seriously. What is the matter, mother? Do you think I shall die now? Why don't you speak? And Lucy, what is the matter with you? why don't you talk? you used to cheer me when I was sorrowful, but now you seem to give me up, to die all alone."

17. "The doctor says you may die any moment."

"What! die to-day? oh, I must not die now, I am not ready. What shall I do?"

"Should you like to see the minister?"

"If it would do any good, I would. But how shall I die? What is it to die? Oh, mother, I am afraid of God. All my past life is distinctly in view, and conscience tells me that it has been sinning against God. And so it always did.

18. I knew at the time, as I went on from day to day in drunkenness, that it was all wrong. Conscience told me plainly, that I was sinning, and yet I would do it, in spite of her. I have no excuse. I have sinned wilfully all my days, and now God is my enemy, and I must go and endure his displeasure. Oh, how strangely I have acted! not merely foolishly, but most sinfully; and all this merely to gratify my appetite. Oh, why have I done so?"

19. Little more was said, and the three remained together in silence for a long time. The sick man was troubled by a consciousness of his guilt, and by the fear of God; and his mother and Lucy were grieved that he was so soon to die, and without a trust in the mercy of God, and without finding peace. The day passed, and he still remained with them, his body becoming more enfeebled, and his mind more agitated, as the hour of death approached.

20. Lucy was with him all the day, and as she saw the signs of his distress, sorrow filled her own soul. She smoothed the bed-clothes, but some nervous, restless movement of her brother disarranged them again. She gazed upon his countenance; instead of calmness and peace, there was the appearance of settled despair. She sat in quiet by his bed, and frequently heard him sigh, and in a whispering tone ejaculate expressions of remorse.

21. The evening came, and he found no peace. On the contrary, as he thought more of his past life, and of his future prospects, his distress increased; his mind seemed to be harassed by remorse, and goaded to desperation by the forebodings of a guilty conscience. How to meet his God, he knew not; and yet the hour of death was surely coming, it was just at hand, and he was unprepared.

22. "Oh, mother," said he, with a look full of fear, "what shall I do? how can I die? 'tis a dreadful thing to meet an angry God; I know him not, but conscience tells me it is a fearful thing. I cannot meet him. And yet death *will* come. Oh! rum has been my ruin! It has destroyed my peace and happiness in this life; has made me the curse of the family,—has brought my father to the grave in sorrow, and has imbittered all my days.

23. "And now I am going to God's judgment, I shall endure his displeasure; conscience tells me it will be so, and I know it is true. Oh! that I had heeded the voice of conscience, and reformed my ways. Oh, that bitter cup! Oh, that I had never tasted it, and then I should have been saved from ruin. But I *would* use it, and now I must meet my doom."

24. About midnight he died in great anxiety of mind. In a few days the friends and neighbors of his mother came to bear his body away to its long home: his spirit went to its account.

LESSON LVI.

IF MEN DO NOT SEE YOU, GOD SEES YOU.

1. Mr. Ferguson was walking in the country one fine warm day in harvest-time, with his youngest son, Frank. "Papa," said Frank, looking wistfully towards a garden by the side of which they were walking, "I am very dry." "And I too, my dear," answered Mr. Ferguson; "but we must have patience until we get home."

Frank. There is a pear-tree loaded with very fine fruit; they are Windsor pears. Ah! with what pleasure I could eat one!

2. *Mr. Ferg.* I do not doubt it; but that tree is in a private garden.

Frank. The hedge is not very thick, and here is a hole where I can easily get through.

Mr. Ferg. And what would the owner of the garden say, if he should be there?

Frank. Oh! he is not here, I dare say, and nobody can see us.

3. *Mr. Ferg.* You mistake, child! There is one who sees us, and who would punish us, and justly too, because it would be wicked to do what you propose.

Frank. Who is that, papa?

Mr. Ferg. He who is everywhere present, who never loses sight of us a moment, and who sees our most secret thoughts; that is, God.

Frank. Ah! it is very true. I shall not think of it any more.

4. Just then a man stood up behind the hedge, whom they could not see before, because he had been

sitting down on a grassy slope. It was an old man, the owner of the garden, who spoke thus to Frank: "Return thanks to God, my child, that your father hindered you from stealing into my garden, and coming to take what does not belong to you. Know, that at the foot of each tree there is a trap laid to catch thieves, where you would certainly have been caught, and perhaps have lamed yourself forever. But since, at the first word of the prudent lesson given you by your father, you have showed a fear of God, and did no longer insist on the theft that you intended, I will give you with pleasure some of the fruit that you wished to taste." At these words he went up to the finest pear-tree, shook it, and brought back his hat full of pears to Frank.

5. Mr. Ferguson would have taken money out of his purse to pay this civil old man, but could not prevail on him to accept any. "I have had a satisfaction, sir, in obliging your son, which I should lose were I to be paid for it."

Mr. Ferguson shook hands with him over the hedge, and Frank thanked him too in a very manly manner; but he showed a still more lively gratitude in the hearty appetite that he appeared to have for the juicy pears. "That is a very good man," said Frank to his papa, after he had finished the last pear, and they had got some distance from him.

6. *Mr. Ferg.* Yes, my dear; and he is so, no doubt, because his heart is convinced of this great truth, that God never fails to reward good, and chastise evil actions.

Fran2. Would God have punished me, then, if I had taken the pears?

Mr. Ferg. The good old man told you what would have happened to you. God, my dear child, orders every thing that passes upon earth, and directs events so as to reward good people for their virtuous actions, and to punish the wicked for their crimes. I will tell you an adventure which relates to this subject, and made so strong an impression on me, when a child, that I shall never forget it.

7. *Frank.* Ah! papa, how happy I am to-day; a pleasant walk, fine pears, and a story besides!

Mr. Ferg. When I was as little as you, and lived at my father's, we had two neighbors—the one on the right, the other on the left hand of our house: their names were Dobson and Vicars. Mr. Dobson had a son called Simon, and Mr. Vicars one also of the name of Gamaliel. Behind our house and those of our neighbors, were small gardens, separated at that time only by quickset hedges. Simon, when alone in his father's garden, amused himself with throwing stones into all the gardens round about, never once thinking that he might hurt somebody.

8. Mr. Dobson had observed this, and reprimanded him severely for it, threatening to chastise him if ever he did so again. But unhappily this child knew not, or else did not believe, that one should not do amiss, even when alone, because God is always near us, and sees whatever we do. One day, when his father was gone out, thinking that nobody could see him, and therefore that he should not be punished, he filled his pockets with stones, and began pelting them all around him. Just at the same time Mr. Vicars was in his garden with his son Gamaliel.

9. This boy had the misfortune to think, as well as

Simon, that it was enough not to do amiss before others, and that when alone one might do what one pleased. His father had a gun charged to shoot the sparrows that came picking his cherries; and he was sitting in the summer-house to watch them. At this moment, a servant came to tell him that a strange gentleman wanted him in the parlor; he therefore left the gun in the summer-house and expressly forbade Gamaliel to touch it. But Gamaliel, when all alone, said to himself, "I don't see what harm there would be in playing with this gun a little;" and saying thus, he took it up, and began to exercise with it like a soldier. He handled his arms and rested his firelock, and had a mind to try if he could make ready and take aim. The muzzle of his gun happened to be pointed towards Mr. Dobson's garden, and just as he was going to shut the left eye, in order to take aim, a pebble stone thrown by Simon struck him in that very eye.

10. The fright and the pain together made Gamaliel drop the gun, which went off; and, oh! what cries and shrieks were immediately heard in both gardens! Gamaliel had received a blow of a stone in the eye, and Simon received the whole charge of the gun in his leg. Thus the one lost his eye, and the other remained a cripple all the rest of his life.

Frank. Ah! poor Simon! poor Gamaliel! how I pity them!

Mr. Ferg. They were, it is true, very much to be pitied; but their parents still more so, for having children so disobedient and vicious.

LESSON LVII.

THE ORPHAN.

1. I saw a little lamb to day,
   It was not very old;
   Close by its mother's side it lay,
   So soft within the fold:
   It felt no sorrow, pain, or fear,
   While such a comforter was near.

2. Sweet little lamb, you cannot know
   What blessings I have lost;
   Were you like me what could you do,
   Amid the wintry frost?
   My clothes are thin, my food is poor
   And I must beg from door to door.

3. I had a mother, once, like you,
   To keep me by her side:
   She cherish'd me, and lov'd me too;
   But soon, alas! she died:
   Now sorrowful, and full of care,
   I'm lone and weary every where.

4. I must not weep and break my heart,
   They tell me not to grieve:
   Sometimes I wish I could depart,
   And find a peaceful grave:
   They say such sorrows never come
   To those who slumber in the tomb.

5. 'Twas thus a little orphan sung,
Her lonely heart to cheer;
Before she wandered very long,
She found a Saviour near:
He bade her seek his smiling face,
And find in hear'n a dwelling place.

Nursery Songs.

LESSON LVIII.

THE ARK AND THE DOVE.

1. There was a noble ark,
Sailing o'er waters dark,
And wide around:
Not one tall tree was seen,
Nor flow'r, nor leaf of green.

2. Then a soft wing was spread,
And o'er the billows dread,
A meek dove flew;
But on that shoreless tide,
No living thing she spied
To cheer her view.—

3. So to the ark she fled,
With weary, drooping head,
To seek for rest;
Christ is the ark, my love,
Thou art the tender dove—
Fly to his breast.

Nursery Songs.

LESSON LIX.

THE NEW SCHOOL.

1. A TEACHER, perhaps, on the first day of his labours in a new school, calls a class to read. They pretend to form a line, but it crooks in every direction. One boy is leaning back against a desk; another comes forward as far as possible, to get near the fire; the rest lounge in every position and in every attitude.

2. John is holding up his book high before his face, to conceal an apple, from which he is endeavouring to secure an enormous bite. James is, by the same sagacious device, concealing a whisper, which he is addressing to his next neighbour, and Moses is seeking amusement by crowding and elbowing the little boy who is unluckily standing next him.

3. "What a spectacle!" says the master to himself, as he looks at this sad display. "What shall I do?" This teacher is a mild and gentle, though a very decided man, and though he is determined to take efficient measures to effect a change, he does not break forth upon the boys at once, with all the artillery of reproof, and threatening, and punishment.—He did not walk up and down before the class, with a stern and angry air, commanding this one to stand back, and that to come forward, ordering one boy to put down his book, and scolding at a second for having lost his place, and knocking the knees of another with his rule, because he was out of the line.

4. No—he looked calmly at the scene, and said to

himself, "What shall I do to remove effectually these evils? If I can but interest the boys in reform, it will be far more easy to effect it, than if I attempt to accomplish it by the mere exercise of my authority."

5. In the mean time, things go on, during the reading, in their own way. The teacher simply *observes*. He is in no haste to commence his operations. He looks for the faults; watches, without seeming to watch, the movements which he is attempting to control. He studies the materials with which he is to work, and lets their true character develop itself. He tries to find something to approve in the exercise, as it proceeds, and endeavours to interest the class, by narrating some fact, connected with the reading, or making some explanation which interests the boys. At the end of the exercise, he addresses them, perhaps, as follows:

6. "I have observed, boys, in some military companies, that the officers are very strict, requiring implicit and precise obedience. The men are required to form a precise line." (Here there is a sort of involuntary movement all along the line, by which it is very sensibly straightened.) "They make all the men stand erect," (At this word, heads go up, and straggling feet draw in, all along the class,) "in the true military posture."

7. "They allow nothing to be done in the ranks, but to attend to the exercise," (John hastily crowds his apple into his pocket,) "and thus they regulate every thing, in exact and steady discipline, so that all things go on in a most systematic and scientific manner. This discipline is so admirable in some countries, especially in Europe, where much greater

attention is paid to military tactics than in our country, that I have heard it said by travellers, that some of the soldiers who mount guard at public places, look as much like statues, as they do like living men.

8. "Other commanders act differently. They let the men do pretty much as they please. So you will see such a company lounging into a line, when the drum beats, as if they took little interest in what was going on. While the captain is giving his commands, one is eating his luncheon; another is talking with his next neighbour. Part are out of the line; part lounge on one foot; they hold their guns in every position; and, on the whole, present a very disorderly and unsoldier-like appearance.

9. "I have observed, too, that boys very generally prefer to *see* the strict companies, but perhaps they would prefer to *belong* to the lax ones."

"No, sir;" "No, sir," say the boys.

"Suppose you all had your choice, either to belong to a company like the first one I described, where the captain was strict in all his requirements, or to one like the latter, where you could do pretty much as you pleased, which should you prefer?"

10. Unless I am entirely mistaken in my idea of the inclination of boys, it would be very difficult to get a single honest expression of preference for the latter. They would say, with one voice,

"The first."

"I suppose it would be so. You would be put to some inconvenience by the strict commands of the captain, but then you would be more than paid by the beauty of regularity and order, which you would all

witness. There is nothing more pleasant than regularity, and nobody likes regularity more than boys do. To show this, I should like to have you now form a line as exact as you can."

11. After some unnecessary shoving and pushing, increased by the disorderly conduct of a few bad boys, a line is formed. Most of the class are pleased with the experiment, and the teacher takes no notice of the few exceptions. The time to attend to *them* will come by and by.

"Hands down." The boys obey.

"Shoulders back."

"There;—there is a very perfect line."

"Do you stand easily in that position?"

"Yes, sir."

12. "I believe your position is the military one, now, pretty nearly; and military men study the postures of the human body, for the sake of finding the one most easy; for they wish to preserve as much as possible of the soldiers' strength, for the time of battle. I should like to try the experiment of your standing thus, at the next lesson. It is a very great improvement upon your common mode. Are you willing to do it?"

13. "Yes, sir," say the boys.

"You will get tired, I have no doubt. In fact, I do not expect you will succeed the first day, very well. You will probably become restless and uneasy, before the end of the lesson, especially the smaller boys. I must excuse it, I suppose, if you do, as it will be the first time."

LESSON LX.

THE BUSTLING WAY AND THE QUIET WAY.

1. In one of my stories, I told you about a little girl, who endeavoured to make herself useful, in many ways, to her mother and sisters. But there are some children who do but little good, whenever they try to be of assistance, to others, because they make so much bustle about every thing they undertake.

2. Henrietta Bacon is one of these bustling characters. Henrietta is always ready and willing to do any thing to help her mother, whom she loves very much, and to whom she is always obedient. But one would rather do any piece of work ten times over, than be where Henrietta is, while she is carrying it forward; she makes so much rattling and parade and talk about it. Let me give you a specimen.

3. "Mother," said Henrietta, one morning when her mother sat reading,—"Mother, mother." Several times more she called before her mother looked up from her book. Henrietta ought not to have interrupted her mother while she was reading, unless the occasion had been a very important one indeed, as in the present case it was not.

4. "Mother, mother," she persisted in calling, and at last, she came and jogged her arm to be sure of gaining her attention.

"What, Henrietta?" said her mother, at length, looking up from her book.

"I want to know if I may not fix the room a little, Only see how it looks!"

5. "Yes, yes,—you may," said her mother, as she went on with her reading.

"Well, mother, mother."

"What, Henrietta?"

"I want to know if I may take down all the books from the shelves and put them up better? I know I can put them all up right. May I, mother?"

6. "Yes, you may; only you must not talk to me now, because I am very busy."

Henrietta went to work, and what a parade was made in taking down and putting up the books! One would have thought that a wall of the house was about being pulled down.

7. In the first place, half a dozen chairs or more were brought forward to receive the books as they were removed. Instead of clearing one shelf at a time, and filling each one before she cleared the next, she took down all the books at once; and so, as she stood in a chair while she replaced them, she must needs jump down, for each parcel, as she set it up.

8. "Oh! Henrietta," her mother would now and then exclaim, as a volume came tumbling upon the floor, "you *must* be careful, or you will ruin the books. Do be a little more gentle, and try to make less noise."

9. But, for Henrietta to have carried on any operation without making some confusion, or occasioning some interruption to other persons, would have been a thing quite out of the question. "There, mother, just see how much better that does look,—does it not, mother"—she would say, each time she had filled a shelf.

10. If her mother did not attend at once, she would

go on calling "mother, mother," until at last, becoming quite tired of being interrupted, her mother bade her leave the books as they were, and sit down to her sewing.

Henrietta felt mortified and grieved, at the reproof thus conveyed, and she could scarcely repress her tears, as she prepared to obey the direction.

11. "Why, what is the matter, Henrietta?" asked her mother, upon laying down her book, and perceiving Henrietta's sorrowful looks.

This question brought the tears at once into the little girl's eyes. "Why, mother,"—she answered, as soon as she could speak, still keeping her eyes very intently upon her work—"I was trying to fix the book-shelves as well as I possibly could, when you spoke to me, and—and, I was going,"—

12. "Well, and you did fix them very well indeed, and I should have liked to have had you finish them; only you made too much bustle about it, and you talked so much that I could not go on with my reading. I have never spoken to you about this fault, very particularly, but it is one that you can overcome very easily.

13. You are a very lively, active little girl, and I am glad that you are so. I should not like to have you indolent and dull, slow about every thing you do. But then, when I tell you to do a thing, or when you think of any thing yourself that will help me, I want you to do it with as little bustle and noise as possible. Do not run and jump, or slam the doors, or push and pull things about, as you are rather apt to do. But try to make as little trouble or disturbance as possible. Now I will show you the differ-

ence between the bustling and the quiet way of doing things.—Let me see; what shall I do? Oh! there is the hearth-rug which wants fixing a little."

14. One edge of the hearth-rug happened to be turned under in one place. Henrietta's mother walked to the fire-place, stooped down to the rug, and with one or two strokes of her hand, spread it even, and smoothed out the fringe properly.

"There, that is the *quiet* way of doing the thing. Now, I will show you the *bustling* way."

15. Her mother then hurried to the fire-place—pulled away the chairs that stood near, rattled the shovel and tongs, then jerged away the rug in such a manner as to blow the ashes from the hearth out into the room, and then in the same parading style, spread the rug down again.

Henrietta could not help laughing as she stood looking on.

16. "That is the bustling way of doing it," said her mother, as she swept up the hearth, and brushed off the ashes that had settled upon the mantel-piece. "Now I will show you how it seems for persons to be talking, and disturbing other people all the while they are engaged. I will suppose that you have lost your thimble, and I am going to look after it for you."

17. Then her mother made as if she were looking for the lost thimble. "Why, Henrietta," said she, as she took up some of the things from the table,—"where *do* you suppose your thimble can have got to? I do not believe but what Susan mislaid it when she swept the parlour. I wish she was not such a careless girl."

18. Then she went to another part of the room and

looked under the sofa, continuing all the while to talk. "Why, Henrietta, perhaps you left your thimble up stairs, did you not? Henrietta—Henrietta—Henrietta—did you not leave your thimble up stairs? Shall I go up and see?"

Henrietta stood laughing to see her mother acting in this queer way.

19. "You think it looks strangely for me to act in such a manner," said her mother; "but, it is quite as improper in a little girl like you. Now," she continued. "I want you to learn the quiet way of doing things, and then you will be a great deal more useful to me than you are now, for very often when I have something that you could do as well as I, I say to myself—"No, I will do it myself, for Henrietta will have so much to say, or she will make such a parade about it, that she will make me more trouble than she will save.

20. But, I want you to begin now, to learn the quiet way of going about things, and then you will be a very great help to me."

Henrietta had a great many opportunities throughout the day, of practising her new lesson, and she felt amply repaid for all her pains, by her mother's smile and approving looks.

21. At night, when her father came home, she placed his arm-chair in the corner as usual, for him, and then went to bring his slippers and the newspaper. But instead of calling him repeatedly to come and occupy the chair, and to take the newspaper and the slippers, as she commonly did, she simply set the chair in its place without saying any thing about it; the slippers she put upon the hearth,

and after waiting till her father had done speaking to her mother, she asked him if he would like to see the newspaper she was holding out to him.

22. Her father seemed more pleased than usual with her attention to his comfort, because she was so quiet about it. "Thank you, thank you, my little daughter," he said; "you were a good girl to wait till I was done speaking, and all ready for my paper and slippers." Henrietta thought this sounded a great deal better than to have him say, as he did sometimes when she stood teasing him,—"Yes, yes, Henrietta; but do wait a moment," and she resolved that she would always afterwards try the *quiet way* in waiting upon her father, and in doing every thing else.

LESSON LXI.

DECEIVING PARENTS.

1. Louisa Morton, and her class-mate, Ellen Sturgess, were returning from school together one afternoon.

"What book is that you have, with your history?" inquired Ellen, perceiving that her companion was carrying a volume which seemed not to be a school-book. "Romance of the Forest?" she repeated with some surprise, as she looked at the lettering upon the back. "Does your mother let you read such books as that, Louisa?"

2. "Why, no; she does not like to have me read such books when she knows it," replied Loui

"but, I am very careful not to let her see me reading them. She little suspects how many volumes I contrive to dispatch in the course of almost every week," continued the heartless girl, with a laugh.

3. An expression of unaffected surprise escaped from Ellen. She never had suspected her companion of deceit, and last of all, would she have supposed her capable of boasting openly of her success in deceiving her mother. She almost involuntarily withdrew her arm from Louisa's, and for a few minutes, their walk was pursued in silence.

4. "Why, what is the matter, Ellen?" said Louisa, at length, as she affected a laugh. "Do you think there is, really, any thing wicked in reading novels?"

5. "I have always considered it wrong to do any thing that my parents would be unwilling to have me do," replied Ellen, gravely. Here they reached Louisa's house, and the conversation was dropped.

6. Louisa had been as well instructed as Ellen, and she understood her duty to her parents as well. The only difficulty was, that she did not always care to perform it. She knew that she had the kindest of parents, and she would not have denied that they cheerfully allowed her every indulgence that they thought would be for her good. They provided amply for her improvement and amusement.

7. She was abundantly supplied with materials for reading; but her parents were desirous, as every judicious and considerate parent would have been, that her books should be such as would afford profitable employment for her mind, and to this end, they wished that her reading should be under their own direction. They had no other object than their

daughter's good in view, when they withheld from her a book which they supposed would be an injury rather than a source of improvement to her.

8. What other possible motive could they have had? What reasonable, considerate daughter, would suppose her parents would deny her a gratification, in any case, for any other reason, than because they judged it not to be, on the whole, for her interest or happiness? And with this view, where is the affectionate, dutiful daughter, who would be willing to abuse a parent's kindness, by indulging in a gratification which her father and mother might wish to withhold?

9. What can be the feelings of a girl while she is perusing clandestinely the pages of a book, which she knows her parents would prohibit her from reading, or which she knows they would not wish her to read? It must be that there is not much thought about it. The time will come, however, with every such individual, when she will be brought, with bitterness, to think of the deceitful or undutiful part she may now be thoughtlessly practising.

10. But to return to Louisa, and the Romance of the Forest. It was not until she had retired for the evening, that she had opportunity to pursue her reading without interruption; for it would happen as often as she drew forth the volume, when, for a minute, she was left to herself in the parlour, she would be startled by approaching footsteps, before scarce a paragraph was finished, and then with trepidation the book would be hurried out of sight. But in her room, with the door fastened, she felt secure.

11. It was a winter's night, she threw a shaw

over her shoulders, and then sat poring over her book until completely benumbed with the cold. She began by this time to feel a little soreness in her throat, and some uneasy sensations attending her breathing. The book was, reluctantly, laid aside; some little palliative applied for the relief of the throat; but it was in vain that she tried to sleep, a violent cold had seized upon her system, and every moment increased. It was a time when distempers of the throat were prevailing, and Louisa was apprehensive that she might be in danger.

12. Her mother's anxiety was greater than her own, when, upon entering her room in the morning, she found her feverish, and suffering from a pain in her head and throat.

"You have taken a violent cold," remarked her mother, as she stood bending over:—"were you exposed in any way yesterday?"

13. Louisa hesitated, at first, and then framed some kind of reply, which, perhaps, amounted not exactly to a direct falsehood, and yet, which was not the honest truth. This additional piece of duplicity she had to reflect upon during the days and weeks that she continued ill; and, until it had been freely confessed and forgiven, it remained a heavy burden upon her conscience. The very sight of her mother, from whom she was receiving unceasing attention and kindness, brought to her bosom a feeling of self-reproach, which she tried in vain to banish.

14. She sought the forgiveness of her fault, and resolved, in reliance upon the Divine assistance, that she would never again be guilty of acting a deceitful or undutiful part towards the parents who had so high

a claim upon her love and obedience. She did finally recover, and the lesson she had so dearly learned, was faithfully remembered. Perfect openness now characterizes Louisa's manners towards her parents. She feels a greater pleasure in referring every thing to their decision, than ever she received from any stolen gratifications, and so will any daughter who will try the experiment.

15. Never do any thing you would be unwilling should come to your parents' knowledge—never be guilty of deceiving them in the most trifling case. Undutiful behaviour, on the part of children, is not always attended with a punishment like Louisa's; but this, at least, is certain,—it never goes unpunished. The pangs of remorse and self-reproach, are, sooner or later, to be its punishment, whether there be any other or not.

LESSON LXII.

BE FAMILIAR WITH YOUR LESSONS.

1. Scholars must not only understand the truths contained in their lessons, but they must study them till they make them familiar. This is a point which seems to be very generally overlooked.

"Can you say the Multiplication Table?" said a teacher to a boy, who was standing before him, in his class.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I should like to have you say the line beginning nine times one."

2. The boy repeated it slowly, but correctly.

"Now I should like to have you try again, and I will, at the same time, say another line, to see if I can put you out."

The boy looked surprised. The idea of his teacher's trying to perplex and embarrass him, was entirely new.

"You must not be afraid," said the teacher; you will, undoubtedly, not succeed in getting through, but you will not be to blame for the failure. I only try it, as a sort of intellectual experiment."

3. The boy accordingly began again, but was soon completely confused by the teacher's accompaniment; he stopped in the middle of his line, saying, "I could say it, only you put me out."

"Well, now try to say the Alphabet, and let me see if I can put you out there."

4. As might have been expected the teacher failed. The boy went regularly onward to the end.

"You see now," said the teacher to the class which had witnessed the experiment, "that this boy knows his Alphabet, in a different sense, from that in which he knows his Multiplication Table. In the latter, his knowledge is only imperfectly his own; he can make use of it only under favourable circumstances. In the former, it is entirely his own; circumstances have no control over him."

5. A girl has a lesson in Latin Grammar to recite. She hesitates and stammers, miscalls the cases, and then corrects herself, and if she gets through at last, she considers herself as having recited well; and very many teachers would consider it well too. If she hesitates a little longer than usual, in trying to summon to her recollection a

particular word, she says, perhaps, "Don't tell me," and if she happens at last to guess right, she takes her book with a countenance beaming with satisfaction.

6. "Suppose you had the care of an infant-school," might the instructer say to such a scholar, "and were endeavouring to teach a little child to count, and she should recite her lesson to you in this way; 'One, two, four—no, three;—one, two, three, — — stop, don't tell me,—five—no, four, four,—five, — — I shall think in a minute,—six—is that right? five, six, &c.' Should you call that a good recitation?"

7. Nothing is more common than for pupils to say, when they fail of reciting their lesson, that they could say it at their seats, but that they cannot now say it, before the class. When such a thing is said for the first time, it should not be severely reproved, because many children honestly think, that if the lesson was learned so that it could be recited any where, their duty is discharged. But it should be kindly, though distinctly, explained to them, that in the business of life, they must have their knowledge so much at command, that they can use it, at all times, and in all circumstances, or it will do them little good.

LESSON LXIII.

THE WILD GIRL.

1. The lively girl, the rude girl, the wild girl, are three distinct varieties of character. The wild

girl is a compound of the other two. In the city, where the forms of society impose more external restraints, the characteristics of the lively girl predominate;—in the country, where there is more freedom, those of the rude girl.

2. Full of health and spirits, the wild girl engages with her whole soul, in all the active amusements of girls. She is often very near the boundary line of propriety, and sometimes steps over it. She looks with deep interest on the rough sports of boys. She would not care to engage in wrestling, or a game of football, but if she had a few companions, of tastes similar to her own, she would delight to trundle the hoop, to fly the kite, or to join the merry ring of swift skaters.

3. At home, she is good-natured, active, quick to understand, capable. Her vivacity might make her the life of the household—her intelligence, and the readiness with which she acquires a knowledge of domestic concerns, would make her invaluable to her mother, but she is so inconsiderate, so heedless, that no dependence can be placed upon her. Frankness is often a characteristic of the wild girl, but her mother is, sometimes, more imperfectly acquainted with her daughter's real character than her neighbours.

4. She cannot, to be sure, feel much confidence in her. She has too often heard the loud and merry laugh, too often been called to settle the little troubles, that have been caused by her devices to make sport. The motion of a tumbler towards the lips of a brother has been suddenly accelerated, so as to throw the contents in his face; the pudding of a sister slily salted beyond endurance, or a brother's

coat is firmly pinned to the sofa. Now, she appears in some fantastic disguise, frightening the younger children, and making the parlour a scene of confusion; and now she is leading some boisterous sport, which seems to threaten the foundations of the house.

5. The mother of the wild girl cannot but feel anxious about her when she is away, but, how would her heart sink within her, could she observe her thoughtless child, when all restraint is removed, and witness, in the street and in company, her many departures from gentleness and refinement.

6. In the street, the character of the wild girl is not concealed, especially if an associate is leaning upon her arm. There is a restless, yet bright and good-humoured expression on her countenance—but observe her. Now, she walks slowly, and with assumed gravity, seems in sober consultation with her friend, who is presently unceremoniously pushed from the side-walk, or jostled against another person; —now, her pace is suddenly quickened.

7. Caprice seems to govern every movement. Her object is not to attract attention, but to find enjoyment; and her buoyant spirits lead, not only to acts of doubtful propriety, but to absolute rudeness. As she has not yet attained a sufficient number of years, constantly to receive the appellation of young lady, you do not meet her often in company. But, if there, you need not be long at a loss to single her out.

8. Restraint may be so powerful as to conceal, for a time, the most objectionable traits of her character, but so strong is her love for fun and frolic, that, very soon, her restlessness will betray her, unless she can

find some subject of merriment. And if she does that, most assuredly she will not remain unknown. Others are made the subjects of remark. The rules of polite society will be transgressed. Her gayety and frankness seem sometimes to atone for it, but not always.

9. The feelings of some sensitive timid girl have been deeply wounded by the doubtful smile, the low whisper, or the meaning look, which seem to have been called forth by some peculiarity in herself; or, perhaps, she has been dragged forward to some conspicuous place, by her volatile acquaintance, and there left, with crimsoned cheek, to find her way back alone to her quiet corner.

10. The indignation of some prim lady, whose ideas of what a young lady should be, were formed from what a grandmother's were, is strongly excited by the pert forwardness of the wild girl; and the refined and intelligent mother looks upon her with pity mingled with disgust, resolving that her daughters, if it can be avoided, shall never be exposed to her influence.

11. In the country, the character of the wild girl is essentially the same. You will find her snow-balling, climbing stone walls, hunting birds' nests, scaling the haystack: even the ridge-pole of the barn is not beyond her reach, and she is emulous to equal, if not to excel, the feats of her brothers, whatever they may be. She is familiarly called a *romp*.

In school, she might take precedence of all her class-mates. Her abilities are good. One day her lessons are all thoroughly prepared; her conduct, is for an hour or two, unexceptionable.

12. Her teacher is again encouraged to hope there is to be a reformation in that pupil who has been the object of unceasing care, sometimes delighting him by her rapid progress, and then paining him to the heart by her heedlessness and folly. Perhaps some misconduct calls for the frown or stern reproof. A fellow pupil's head is filled with quills, or the hair of one is braided with that of another—they, closely engaged in study, are unconscious of it at the time: or, it may be, that the work of hours is destroyed by this thoughtless girl, giving an unexpected motion to the arm of her neighbour.

13. Her society is rather shunned than sought, by the gentle and the good.

In the family she could accomplish much, and excel in whatever she undertakes, but no confidence can be placed in her. She has little good influence there. Her parents hope that years will bring sobriety and stability of character.

14. Often the wild girl, *alone*, is a different being from the wild girl, in company. Peep with me into her room. She has an affectionate heart, ready to see and acknowledge her faults, but not quite so ready to make constant effort to correct them. There she sits in the corner on a trunk. Her head is leaning against the wall. She is weeping bitterly.

15. A note is lying in her lap, wet with tears. It is from a friend whom she loves, two years older than herself, telling her of some improprieties of conduct, and affectionately urging her to be more watchful over her exuberant spirits, or she will lose all her friends. This brings to remembrance the many admonitions of her mother, and the kind coun-

sels of her father, and her heart is filled with sorrow, as she looks back upon the past. She resolves she will no more give pain to those whom she loves, by her misconduct; she will not wound the feelings of others, for the sake of a laugh;—she will not allow herself to do any thing which a delicate sense of propriety would condemn.

16. But will she keep her resolutions? No; she will yield to the slightest temptation, unless she has sincerely asked assistance from above, to enable her to watch over her heart and conduct. She will need assistance.

LESSON LXIV.

THE AFTERNOON VISIT.

1. One day two little boys went to pass the afternoon and evening at the house of one of their playmates, who had a party to celebrate his birth-day. Their parents told them to come home at eight o'clock in the evening. It was a beautiful afternoon, late in autumn, when the large party of boys assembled at the house of their friend.

2. Numerous barns and sheds were attached to the house, and a beautiful grove of beach and oak surrounded it, affording a most delightful place for all kinds of sport. Never did boys have a more happy time. They climbed the trees, and swung upon the limbs. And as they jumped upon the new-made hay in the barns, they made the walls ring with their joyous shouts. Happiness seemed, for the time, to

fill every heart. They continued their sports till the sun had gone down behind the hills, and the last ray of twilight had disappeared.

3. When it became too dark for out-door play, they went into the house, and commenced new plays in the brightly lighted parlour. As they were in the midst of the exciting game of "blind man's buff," some one entered the room and requested them all to take their seats, for apples and nuts were to be brought in. Just as the door was opened by the servant, bringing in the waiter, loaded with apples and nuts, the clock struck eight.

4. The boys who had been told to leave at that hour felt troubled enough. They knew not what to do. The temptation to stay was almost too strong to be resisted. The older brother of the two faintly whispered to one at his side, that he must go. Immediately there was an uproar all over the room, each one exclaiming against it.

"Why," said one, "my mother told me I might stay till nine."

5. "My mother," said another, "did not say any thing about my coming home, she will let me stay as long as I want to."

'I would not be tied to my mother's apron-string," said a rude boy in a distant part of the room.

6. A timid boy, who lived in the next house to the one in which these two little boys lived, came up and said with a very imploring countenance and voice, "I am going home at half-past eight. Now do stay a little while longer, and then we will go home together. I would not go alone, it is so dark."

7. And even the lady of the house, where they

were visiting, came to them and said, "I do not think your mother will have any objection to have you stay a few moments longer, and eat an apple and a few nuts. I would have sent them in earlier, if I had known that you wanted to go."

8. Now what could these poor boys do? How could they summon resolution to resist so much entreaty! For a moment they hesitated, and almost yielded to the temptation. But virtue wavered only for a moment. They immediately mustered all their courage, and said, "we must go." Hastily bidding them all good night, they got their hats as quick as they could, for fear if they delayed they should yield to the temptation, and left the house. They stopped not a moment to look back upon the brightly shining windows, and happy group of boys within, but taking hold of each other's hands, ran as fast as they could on their way home.

9. When they arrived at home, their father and mother met them with a smile. And when their parents learned under what strong temptations they had been to disobey, and that they had triumphed over these temptations, they looked upon their children with feelings of gratification, which amply repaid them for all their trial. And when these boys went to bed that night, they felt that they had done their duty, and that they had given their parents pleasure; and these thoughts gave them vastly more happiness, than they could have enjoyed if they had remained with their playmates, beyond the hour which their parents had permitted.

10. This was a noble proof of their determination to do their duty. And considering their youth and

inexperience, and the circumstances of the temptation, it was one of the severest trials to which they could be exposed. Probably, in all their after life, they would not be under stronger temptations to swerve from duty. Now, every child will often be exposed to similar temptations. And if your resolution be not strong, you will yield. And if you once begin to yield, you will never know where to stop; but, in all probability will go on, from step to step, till you are for ever lost to virtue and to happiness.

11. But perhaps some child, who reads this, thinks I make too serious a matter of so slight a thing. You say it cannot make *much difference* whether I come home half an hour earlier or later. But you are mistaken here. It does make a great difference. Think you God can look upon the disobedience of a child as a trifling sin?

12. Is it a trifle to refuse to obey parents who have loved you, and watched over you for months and for years; who have taken care of you in sickness, and endeavoured to relieve you when in pain; who have given you clothes to wear, and food to eat, and have done all in their power to make you happy? It is inexcusable ingratitude. It is awful sin.

13. But perhaps you ask what positive harm does it do. It teaches your parents that their child is unwilling to obey them;—and is there no harm in that? It makes your parents unhappy; and is there no harm in that? It tempts you to disobey in other things; and is there no harm in that? Oh beware how you think it is a little thing to disobey your parents. Their happiness is, in a great degree, in your hands, and every thing which you knowingly do that dis-

turbs their happiness in the least degree, is sin in the sight of God, and you must answer for it at his bar.

14. If you go into any state-prison, you will see a large number of men working in silence and in gloom. They are dressed in clothes of contrasted colours, that in case of escape they may be easily detected. But the constant presence of vigilant keepers, and the high walls of stone, guarded by an armed sentry, render escape almost impossible. There many of these guilty men remain month after month, and year after year in friendlessness, and in silence, and in sorrow. They are in confinement and disgrace.

15. At night they are marched to their solitary cells, there to pass the weary hours, with no friend to converse with, and no joy to cheer them. They are left in darkness, and in solitude, to their own gloomy reflections. And oh, how many bitter tears must be shed in the midnight darkness of those cells! How many an unhappy criminal would give worlds, if he had them to give, that he might again be innocent and free! You will see in the prison many who are young—almost children.

16. If you go around from cell to cell, and inquire how these wretched persons commenced their course of sin, very many will tell you, that it was with disobedience to parents. You will find prisoners there whose parents are most affectionate and kind. They have endeavoured to make their children virtuous and happy. But oh, how cruelly have their hopes been blasted! A disobedient son has gone from step to step in crime, till he has brought himself to the gloomy cell of the prison, and has broken his parents' hearts by his disobedience.

LESSON LXV.

MOTHER.

1. Oh! There was music in my heart,
And I would give it to the lyre;
In haste my rapture to impart,
I pass'd my fingers o'er the wire.

2. "O! if thou touch that sweetest string,"
(Forth from the lyre an echo came,)
"Not thus thy hand at random fling;
For *Mother* is a holy name."

3. I paus'd—and soft the voice pursued,
"Art thou on grateful record bent?
Then have thy feelings yet to prove,
That the full heart is impotent."

4. There is a name to nature dear,
No fonder title can she claim;
No sweeter accent greets her ear;
For *Mother* is that blessed name.

5. What though I tempt the theme in vain,
Is there a heart forbids the lay?
A tongue whose base, whose thankless strain,
Denies the debt it ne'er can pay?

6. From infancy to manhood's prime,
The yearnings of maternal love
Pursue her son to every clime,
With benedictions from above.

7. I owe thee more than words can say,
My Mother! for thy ceaseless care,
Which did my tottering footsteps stay,
And bid my heedless eyes beware.

8. Thou could'st my little griefs beguile,
(The summer clouds of childhood's day,)
Till sorrow, ambush'd by a smile,
Roll'd glittering from its fount away.

9. And when disease, with threatening mien,
My strength subdued, my life assailed,
Thy ever-watchful love was seen,
Thy ever-fervent prayer prevailed.

10. Then, on my agonizing head,
Thy hand so tenderly was laid,
Not thousand words, by angels said,
The same sweet feeling had conveyed.

11. And though each nerve was rack'd with pain,
Thy soothing voice my mother dear,
Would thrill through all my tortur'd frame,
And yield a momentary cheer.

12. I bless thee, Mother! for thy love,
Surpassing all of love beside;
O may that power who reigns above,
For ever be thy help, thy guide!

R. F. MOTT.

LESSON LXVI.

LEAVING HOME.

1. The lapse of years brought round the time when James was to go away from home. He was to leave the roof of a pious father, to go out into the wide world to meet its temptations and contend with its storms; his heart was oppressed with the many emotions, which were struggling there. The day had come, in which he was to leave the fire-side of so many enjoyments; the friends endeared to him by so many associations—so many acts of kindness.

2. He was to bid adieu to his mother, that loved, loved benefactor, who had protected him in sickness, and rejoiced with him in health. He was to leave a father's protection, to go forth and act without an adviser, and rely upon his own unaided judgement. He was to bid farewell to brothers and sisters, no more to see them, but as an occasional visiter, at his paternal home. Oh, how cold and desolate did the wide world appear! How did his heart shrink from launching forth to meet its tempests and its storms!

3. But the hour had come for him to go, and he must suppress his emotions, and triumph over his reluctance. He went from room to room, looking, as for the last time, upon those scenes, to which imagination would so often recur, and where it would love to linger. The well-packed trunk was in the entry, waiting the arrival of the stage. Brothers and sisters were moving about, hardly knowing whether to smile or to cry.

4. The father sat at the window, humming a mournful air, as he was watching the approach of the stage, which was to bear his son away to take his place far from home, in the busy crowd of a bustling world. The mother, with all the indescribable emotions of a mother's heart, was placing in a small bundle a few little comforts, such as none but a mother could think of, and with most generous resolution endeavouring to preserve a cheerful countenance, that, as far as possible, she might preserve her son from unnecessary pain in the hour of departure.

5. "Here, my son," said she, "is a nice pair of stockings which will be soft and warm for your feet. I have run the heels for you, for I am afraid you will not find any one who will quite fill a mother's place."

The poor boy was overflowing with emotion, and did not dare to trust his voice, with an attempt to reply.

6. "I have put a piece of cake here, for you may be hungry on the road, and I will put it in the top of the bundle, so that you can get it without any difficulty. And, in this needle book, I have put up a few needles and some thread; for you may at times want some little stitch taken, and you will have no mother or sisters to go to."

7. The departing son could make no reply. He could retain his emotion only by silence. At last, the rumbling of the wheels of the stage was heard, and the four horses were reined up at the door. The boy endeavoured by activity, in seeing his trunk and other baggage properly placed, to gain sufficient

fortitude, to enable him to articulate his farewell. He, however, strove in vain. He took his mother's hand. The tear glistened for a moment in her eye, and then silently rolled down her cheek. He struggled with all his energy to say good-by, but he could not. In unbroken silence he shook her hand, and then in silence received the adieus of brothers and sisters, as one after another took the hand of their departing companion.

8. He then took the warm hand of his warm-hearted father. His father tried to smile, but it was the struggling smile of feelings, which would rather have vented themselves in tears. For a moment he said not a word, but retained the hand of his son, as he accompanied him out of the door to the stage. After a moment's silence, pressing his hand, he said, "My son you are now leaving us, you may forget your father and your mother, your brothers and your sisters, but oh, do not forget your God!"

9. "The stage door closed upon the boy. The crack of the driver's whip was heard, and the rumbling wheels bore him rapidly away from all the privileges, and all the happiness of his early home. His feelings, so long restrained, now burst out, and sinking back upon his seat, he enveloped himself in his cloak, and burst into tears.

10. Hour after hour the stage rolled on. Passengers entered and left; but the boy, (perhaps I ought rather to call him the young man,) was almost insensible to every thing that passed. He sat in sadness and in silence, in the corner of the stage, thinking of the loved home he had left. Memory ran back through all the years of his childhood, lingering here ar'

there, with pain, upon an act of disobedience, and recalling an occasional word of unkindness.

11. All his life seemed to be passing in review before him, from the first years of his conscious existence, to the hour of his departure from his home. He had always heard the morning and evening prayer. He had always witnessed the power of religion exemplified in all the duties of life. And the undoubted sincerity of a father's language, confirmed as it had been by years of corresponding practice, produced an impression upon his mind too powerful to be ever effaced. His parting words, "My son, you may forget father and mother, you may forget brothers and sisters, but oh, do not forget your God," sank deep into his heart.

12. It was midnight before the stage stopped, to give him a little rest. He was then more than a hundred miles from home. But still his father's last words were ringing in his ears. He was conducted, up several flights of stairs, to a chamber in a crowded hotel. After a short prayer, he threw himself upon the bed, and endeavoured to obtain a little sleep. But his excited imagination ran back to the home he had left. Again he was seated by the fire-side. Again he heard the soothing tones of his kind mother's voice, and sat by his father's side. In the vagaries of his dream, he again went through the scene of parting, and wept in his sleep, as he bade adieu to brothers and sisters, and heard a father's parting advice, "Oh, my son, forget not your God."

13. But little refreshment could be derived from such sleep. And, indeed, he had been scarcely an hour upon his bed, before some one knocked at the

door and placed a lamp in his room, saying, "It is time to get up, sir; the stage is almost ready to go." He hastily rose from his bed, and after imploring a blessing upon himself, and fervently commending to God his far distant friends, now quietly sleeping in that happy home which he had left for ever, he hastened down stairs, and soon again was rapidly borne away by the fleet horses of the mail coach.

14. It was a clear autumnal morning. The stars shone brightly in the sky, and the thoughts of the lonely wanderer were irresistibly carried to that home beyond the stars, and to that God whom his father had so affectingly entreated him not to forget. He succeeded, however, in getting a few moments of troubled sleep, as the stage rolled on; but his thoughts were still reverting, whether asleep or awake, to the home left far behind.

15. Just as the sun was going down the western hills, at the close of the day, he alighted from the stage, in the village of strangers, in which he was to find his new home. Not an individual there had he ever seen before. Many a pensive evening did he pass, thinking of absent friends. Many a lonely walk did he take, while his thoughts were far away among the scenes of his childhood. And when the winter evenings came, with the cheerful blaze of the fire-side, often did he think, with a sigh, of the loved and happy group encircling his father's fire-side, and sharing those joys he had left for ever.

16. But a father's parting words did not leave his mind. There they remained. And they, in connexion with other events, rendered effectual by the spirit of God, induced him to endeavour to consecrate

his life to his maker's service. In the hope of again meeting beloved parents and friends in that home, which is prepared for the just in the paradise above, he found a solace which could nowhere else be obtained, and was enabled to go on, in the discharge of the duties of life, with serenity and peace.

17. Reader, you must soon leave your home, and leave it for ever. The privileges and the joys you are now partaking, will soon pass away. And, when you have gone forth into the wide world, and feel the want of a father's care, and of a mother's love, then will all the scenes you have passed through, return freshly to your mind, and the remembrance of every unkind word, or look, or thought, will give you pain.

18. Try, then, to be an affectionate and obedient child. Cultivate those virtues which will prepare you for usefulness and happiness in your maturer years, and, above all, make it your object to prepare for that happy home above, where sickness can never enter, and sorrow can never come.

THE END.